The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ASLEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Hush! step with noiseless tread;
She lies on yonder bed,
A white sheet o'er her spread—
Her rest is deep.
Ah! whence these throbs of pain
That torture heart and brain?
Will she not wake again?
You sigh and weep.

For days she had been ill
With feverish glow and thrill—
Why should this deadly chill
Across me creep?
She suffered through the night,
But just at morning light
Shut out the world from sight,
And fell asleep.

They tell me that she died:
That heaven claimed my bride,
And, like an ebbing tide,
Her life has passed;
'Tis false! could mortal wear
In death a face so fair?
This treasure God will spare
To me at last.

The room grows strangely drear;
Whence came that sudden fear,
Foreboding evil near?
Oh! darling, wake!
How cold and still she lies,
Nor heeds my tears and sighs;
Look down, ye pitying skies,
My heart will break.

FRANCIS,
COUNT OF FOIX.

A Story of the Court of Navarre.

HE TOOK HER HAND IN HIS AND RAISED IT TO HIS LIPS.

There was a pageant and revelry in the city of Pampeluna. The air resounded with acclamations; the porches and the portioes were thronged with a merry population, in their holiday array. The bells of all the churches rang out; and eye and ear were told, by every sight and every sound, that it was a high festival in the ancient capital of Navarre.

To the monarch of that small mountain state, the ambassadors from France led, on that day, a beautiful and long-sought bride; and every eye, in court and city, raised the eager lid to gaze upon the future queen as she advanced. Every eye, in court and city, however, after having gazed on the proud beauty, and marked the features which might well become a prince's bride, turned with feelings of deeper satisfaction to the countenance of their own native princess; and found in its calm bright sweetness a beauty of gentler promises and more endearing aspect.

"Handsome indeed she is!" exclaimed every one who gazed on Isabel of Valois; "handsome indeed she is, but not so beautiful as our own princess."

With equal interest, but very different feelings, Blanche of Navarre also gazed upon her brother's bride. But with no envious thought did she thus gaze—with no feeling of malice towards her who was destined at once to take upon herself the first place in that realm. But it was with feelings of intense anxiety for a brother's happiness; with thoughts, too, of some apprehension for her own future fate. Blanche of Navarre was no longer to rule in the house of her ancestors; for into the halls of her infancy had come a being, upon whose will the happiness of almost every moment must depend; upon whose virtue, tenderness, and generosity, the peace and quiet passing of her future years could alone be founded.

She gazed, then, upon the beautiful bride, and saw that she was lovely. She was willing, she was anxious, in that loveliness of feature and of form, to see the loveliness of spirit and of heart; she was willing to believe that in that dark liquid eye shone forth the virtues of a noble race; she was willing to believe, in that arching lip was pictured the high and dignified mind within. But yet, she could not but feel that on that lip sat a haughty and a scornful curl—firm, proud, determined; all unlike the quivering diffidence which Blanche had pictured to her fancy, in the timid bride seeking her strange husband's court.

No timidity, indeed, was there; and so proud was the carriage, so scornful was the air, that Blanche of Navarre, as she saw the future queen advance to meet her promised husband, felt her heart beat quick, lest she should see her brother treated with indignity by the bride whose hand had already been dearly purchased. But no! she met him with smiles, she received his welcome with grace; and Blanche's heart grew calm, in the hope that her fears misled her in her interpretation of the fair stranger's demeanor.

In the train of Isabel of Valois, amongst all the gay and glittering cavaliers of which it was composed, appeared one who, in form and feature, carriage and apparel, stood forth without compare in all the court, either of Navarre or France. Francis, count of Foix, was the name the ambassador gave him, as he introduced him to the Navarrese king. The eye of Blanche had before marked with wonder, not unmixed with admiration, the appearance of that princely noble, but no sooner was he named than her brow slightly contracted, her fair lip lost its smile, and she bowed with cold and stately haughtiness as he advanced and was presented to herself. The count was not abashed, but maintained himself with graceful ease; and there was something in his whole demeanor, during the festivals and ceremonies that followed, which won upon even those prepared to frown on all his actions, which dazzled where it could not blind, and gained a smile from the lip even while censure was strong at the heart.

There is a race of men who fancy that some bright and brilliant qualities, some noble deeds, some graces of demeanor, some powers of thought, or energy of action, not only compensate for a life of ribald looseness, but even give a splendor and dignity to vice and crime. Such had been the character which Francis, Count of Foix, had established for himself in the world of his day. Brave to a fault; graceful, as we have said, in person; full of high powers abused, and talents cast away, he had devoted himself to pleasure, and, in pursuit thereof, had acknowledged no barriers, and spurned at every check. His life hitherto, young as he was, had been but a tale of moral duties violated; of passion, excess, and licentiousness. Infidelity in love had been his boast; the ruin of woman's peace, his pastime; and the wine-cup and the dice, and loose companions, and wild exploits of evil, made up a history checkered only by some occasional trait of a noble spirit—some deed of generosity, or benevolence, or courage.

So dangerous and hateful had become his name, that the monarch of his own land had willingly found an occasion to send him forth into another country; praying devoutly that Spanish jealousy might never suffer the wild and reckless youth to return to the court of France again. And now, in the small kingdom of Navarre, he prepared to renew the same course which had won for him so evil a reputation in his own land.

It was the third night after his arrival. He sat late with several of his followers, who had accompanied him from France, and with one or two of the young Navarrese nobility, congenial in tastes and habits, but less advanced in systematic vice than the gay cavalier who had now come amongst them. They talked of pleasure, and of joy, and of excited passion; and many a bright thought and sparkling fancy followed the cup as it circled round the table, and gave a zest and a grace to the idle and the loose and the vain tales which formed the great mass of their conversation. They had drunk deep, when one of the Navarrese, bowing his head over the full cup, said, with a smile:

"To your next conquest, fair Count of Foix; to your next conquest!"

The others around laughed gayly, and took up the toast, bowing their heads to the count, and drinking to his next conquest. The count filled his cup, and replied, "Willingly, lords, willingly! To Blanche of Navarre!"

The brows of the Navarrese were suddenly contracted; they turned their flashing looks upon each other. At length, one whose renown in arms saved him from the insignificance of vice, replied boldly—

"Sir Count of Foix, we welcome thee to our land as a distinguished stranger, skilled in the arts of love and the science of pleasure, well known for noble and for knightly deeds, courteous, and gay, and liberal; and we are willing to give all free scope to your pleasant fancies: but you know not our feelings, here in Navarre, to one whom you have just named. She is our native princess, and has grown up amongst us, under our own eyes, and acquires the love of all: smile not, sir count, for we will bear no trifling with her name. She has the love of all—of good and bad alike. But it is that pure and nobler love which to the good is natural, and which, in the bosom of the bad, plants at least one good thing. Speak not of her with one vain hope or idle expectation. Her every thought is virtue; and the high spirit that dwells in that bright form is pure as a saint in heaven. We see all her actions—we know all her deeds. Well do I know that my lip is all unfit to speak the praise of purity like hers; but I tell thee boldly, that, although in the late plague she sat beside the dying wretch, foul and fearful in all the livid horror of the pestilence, and bent her bright head over the bed of misery and of death, as well in the lowest cabin as within the palace walls, without one look of disgust or apprehension—I tell thee, she would shrink from thee and thy loose words as from toad, or adder, or any other noisome thing."

The count's cheek had grown flushed, his brow had contracted, and his eye had flashed; but such angry signs had passed by ere the other had done speaking, and he was ready to wear a smile, as he answered—

"Nevertheless, Don Ferdinand, I again say—to Blanche of Navarre! Never was woman born that might not be conquered; I will either conquer her, or she shall conquer me. It is not alone for her beauty, though I own that never yet have my eyes beheld loveliness so unblemished as hers—those perfect features, which the brightest dream of the Grecian sculptor never equalled; that calm, radiant eye, shining forth from its black lashes, like some bright, tranquil star pouring its peaceful light through a dark summer night; that cheek, where the ruddy hue of health, softened by delicate nurture, blooms like the bosom of a garden rose; that splendid form, where grace and rounded softness are ennobled by princely dignity and worthy pride—it is not alone for all this blaze of beauty, though well it might set a world again on fire; but it is because, as thou hast truly, though not courteously declared, she has already shown that *she would shrink from me as from some noisome thing.* For this do I say, that I will conquer her, or she shall conquer me; and I drink again to my next conquest, Blanche of Navarre!

"Ay! well I marked her," he continued, proceeding, after a little pause, as any of the others could reply—"ay! well I marked her, when the ambassador but named my name, draw down a corner of that lovely lip, and spread wide the scornful nostril! But she knew not Francis of Foix. However, let no broils, good friends, mar our fair revelry. Here is to all our loves, past, present, and to come; may they be many as the blades of grass which shall cover us when we be dead, or the cups of wine that we drink while we are living! Here is to all our loves, and to yours especially, Don Ferdinand de Leyda. Methought I caught a pair of bright, black eyes yesterday, in the court, following thee wheresoever thou didst turn. And—ha! Don Ferdinand, was I not right?—a certain lady with a swan-like throat, robed in dark purple, and with many a gem in her hair and in her girdle?"

Although the brows of the Navarrese still remained somewhat contracted, harmony seemed sufficiently restored, and the revel was prolonged for many an hour. At length the guests began to separate, but the Count de Foix detained Don Ferdinand de Leyda for a moment in the vestibule; and, when they were alone, he said in a low voice—

"Don Ferdinand, my good friend, you have this night said things which—as we know each other well and of yore—you must feel sure cannot pass by as idle wind. Let us not involve others in our quarrel; but let us meet, with a single page on either side, when, where, and with what weapons you will."

"To-morrow morning at daybreak," replied Don Ferdinand, calmly, "with pointed lances and our two swords, if it so please you, count. Then, for the place, let it be down in the meadows, on the other side of the river. You know the Tafalla gate?—go forth by that; my windows look upon the road, and I will soon overtake you. With one page, you say?—good-night. And so they parted.

The sun shone bright through the long casements of the old palace of Pampeluna, checkering with misty light the pavements of its lonely halls; and from those casements could be seen, clear and distinct, the ring of mighty mountains, with their snow-covered tops, which swept round the capital of Navarre.

Blanche of Navarre had risen early from her couch. She gazed from the windows in somewhat thoughtful, somewhat melancholy mood; for, in the short space of three days, she had been taught that her brother's bride looked not on her as a sister—and that jealousy of the power she had so willingly resigned, and envy of the love she so well merited, were the feelings that reigned in a heart which she had fondly hoped to find open to nobler and better affections.

Suddenly her eye lighted on two horsemen in full armor, in a few minutes she saw them turn, and spur at full charge against each other.

She thought it no more than some wild youths, as was very customary, breaking a friendly lance in the meadows below; and she only wondered that they had not chosen the ordinary tilt-yard for the scene of their exploits. At the end of about half an hour, however, she heard a number of busy feet passing along in the neighborhood of the chamber in which she sat, and many voices speaking in low, quick tones. The first tidings which she obtained concerning the cause of those sounds, was from one of her own women, who ran in with an important face of wonder, exclaiming—

"Oh, lady! do you know that the Count de Foix has been killed by Don Ferdinand de Leyda?"

"God forbid!" replied Blanche—"God forbid! He was sadly unprepared to die;" she hastened out from her own chamber to the public apartments of the palace to ascertain the truth of her maiden's story. From some of the attendants present she learned that the count was not killed, though dangerously wounded.

"He has been carried to his chamber, lady," replied the man, "and the surgeons are even now busily engaged extracting the lance's head, which was broken off in his shoulder."

"What has become of Don Ferdinand?" demanded Blanche. "Is he unhurt? for I have heard that this Count of Foix is famous for his skill in such encounters."

"He, too, is badly wounded," replied the man; "but they have borne him to his own house, and he is attended by surgeons there."

"Thus do bad men slay each other," said Blanche. "Some idle dispute, or licentious brawl has, doubtless, brought them thus to the gates of death when they are least fitted to meet another life. God spare them this one! and perhaps the warning of pain and sickness may not be thrown away."

While she yet spoke, her brother and his bride, with several nobles in attendance, entered the hall. At the tidings of the evil which had befallen the Count of Foix, the grief of Isabel of Valois exceeded the bounds of that commiseration which the young wife might well display towards the libertine noble of her own land. She vowed that, if the count died, she should hate Navarre; she called him the flower of courtesy and knighthood; she declared her purpose of visiting his sick chamber. The young king bore it all with patience; for his beautiful bride, in all her proud loveliness, had at once assumed that mastery over him which weak minds ever yield to the strong when passion raises its voice against resistance. He marvelled not at the interest she expressed; he felt neither jealousy nor anger; he ventured only to suggest that his fair bride would, when she visited the wounded man, take with her his sister Blanche. Isabel heard him with a flashing eye and an angry spot upon her fair cheek, but she dared not resist his will, so gently expressed; and bowing, with a scornful smile, to Blanche, she prayed her, in ironical terms, to give her the pleasure of her fair company after the meal was over.

No scornful word ever embittered the lips of Blanche of Navarre, and for her brother's sake she yielded at once. Followed by several others, they sought the chamber where the count lay ill; and those two fair girls approached the couch of sickness; but oh, with what different feelings! They both spoke to him—but they spoke not alike; the words of Isabel were mingled of lightness, and grief, and tenderness—those of Blanche were calm and gentle, but tending to better thoughts. She read him no homily, but she spoke with the voice of purity and wisdom; and, while she told him that she sincerely wished his recovery, the last words of consolation which she addressed to him were such as awakened in his mind deep thoughts. She told him that illness and wounds were not always misfortunes, and that often the sickness of the body wrought a cure in the diseases of the mind.

Thus saying, she turned to leave him; and Isabel of Valois, though she would fain have lingered, was obliged to follow also for very shame.

The words of Blanche threw the Count of Foix into deep meditation.

His wound was almost forgotten in a new and thrilling interest which filled his heart.

With the night came fever—the tamer of the strong spirit, and bowed him to its will. With wandering mind and throbbing brain, he tossed upon the couch.

Days of sickness followed. Blanche went twice to see him during the severer part of his malady. A strange change began to come over him. Toward Isabel of Valois his glance was no longer that of bold and too familiar admiration. Ah no! his brow was contracted—his dark eye turned away. To Blanche he listened with attention, with gratitude. One day he said—

"Lady, I thank you for your words; and I do begin to think that the sickness of the body may sometimes work a cure in the diseases of the mind."

"Think so! oh think so, my—good lord," replied Blanche; "and forget not, when you are restored to health, the salutary thoughts which visit us sometimes in sickness."

The proud lip of Isabel of Valois curled with a scornful smile—and when out of hearing, she exclaimed to her husband,

"Our sister Blanche will preach, and Francis of Foix will listen till sickness is over. Then will he be as merry a libertine as ever."

It might have been so with many a man. He was now convalescent. Evil habits, broken but by a short interruption, might have resumed their sway over a heart of fire and impetuous feelings. But a mighty change had come over Francis of Foix. He found that there was another passion, different, far different from that which he had hitherto confounded with love. He found that there were feelings deeper, more intense, more noble, than woman had ever awakened in his bosom before; he found that selfish gratification was not the object, idle admiration not the spring of love. He gazed on that beautiful being, and he felt passion in its most ardent form; but, as he touched her hand to lead from the hall to the banquet-chamber, a thrill—a strange and timid thrill—passed unwonted through his frame; and he, whose lip had never wanted words to tell a tale of love, now hardly dared confess to his own heart how love had mastered all its powers. He gazed upon her, but he spoke not the feelings that were busy in his bosom. He dared not speak them—he dared not let them appear: he felt that he must first blot out from her memory many a tale of wild passion, ere he could talk of love to her pure ear. He felt not alone that for worlds he would bring no stain upon that bright creature, were it even in his power: but he began, for her sake, to regret that there were stains upon himself.

The qualities which he had before prized, both in himself and others, had now sunk low, low in his estimation; he thought himself all unworthy of her regard who had wrought such a change in him.

And Blanche—her actions were still calm and cold towards the gay noble of another land; but when she gazed on that graceful form, and heard eloquent words flow from those manly lips, and marked that no light jest nor doubtful thought now found utterance there, but only high-toned feelings—a thrill, a happy thrill, would spread through all her frame, as her heart told her she had a share in this. And though she might not have owned it, her heart beat high to see

that his thoughts and words were all addressed to her.

Nevertheless she still doubted, she still feared. She asked herself whether he could resist the old habits, the seductions of new charms. Such thoughts threw a veil of distant reserve over the warmer sensations of her heart.

Isabel of Valois watched, with anger, the change affairs were taking. She had laughed tauntingly at first. She could laugh no longer. The fascinations of the bright, dangerous queen were employed in vain. She who had learned to love intensely, now began to feel herself despoiled; and jealousy took the place of dangerous coquetry and trifling.

It was in vain, however, for some time, that Isabel of Valois watched and suspected. No sign betrayed that Blanche's heart was touched; no word, nor look, nor action, showed that she gave aught like encouragement to a passion which each day became more apparent.

At length, one evening in the lustrous twilight of that splendid climate; in the bright moment—between the sinking of the golden day and the rushing conquest of the deep night, Blanche of Navarre stood gazing from the window upon the last rays of the setting sun, as they lingered, with blushing love, upon the high summits of the western hills. Her heart was at war with itself, and yet the warfare was not painful. She felt a tenderness creeping over it which she would fain have banished; she felt that her power over her own thoughts was failing, and she would fain have recovered that power. But, even while she struggled with her own feelings, the voice of the enchanter Hope took part against her, and told her that to yield to that mighty power which every heart must one time know, was better than to resist. As she thus thought, and gazed forth upon the evening sky and varying mountains; and as the deep loveliness of that bright scene in the calm twilight hour sunk into her soul with bland and softening influence, a step sounded near her. Ere she could turn and see whose form it was that crossed the windows of the hall, her heart had told her, and it beat quick and high.

The next moment Francis of Foix was by her side, but for a time some overpowering feeling seemed to tie his tongue; his wonted eloquence was gone; his daring courage at an end. He trembled like a girl; and the heart which never had known a fear, now beat even quicker than hers beside whom he stood.

"Lady," he said at length, "I have dared to seek you; and yet, now that I am here, I scarcely know how to express my thoughts."

There is a peculiar skill in woman to master, even in moments of deep emotion, the outward display of feeling, and to conceal the inward struggle of the heart's mutinous garrison from every eye but God's. Blanche of Navarre felt as if each moment she should have sunk to the ground: yet she stood firm, and in her aspect calm, as if the bright tranquility of her former years still reigned undisturbed within. She even so far conquered agitation as to say, in a low, quiet voice—

"There is nothing, I should suppose, that the Count de Foix can have to say to Blanche of Navarre which should trouble him to speak."

"Lady," he replied, "did Francis of Foix feel as once he felt—were he the vain, conceited being which once he was—did he believe that every woman was to be a slave to his will, or that he had powers to conquer and persuade even to virtuous love, he might speak boldly. But alas! now—now, how is he changed! Though there was a time when he dared all and everything for far less worthy objects, now he scarcely dares to name his wishes or his hopes, though on them depends the happiness of all his after life."

He paused, and looked up for some word or sign of encouragement, but Blanche answered nothing. There was a dewy brightness in her downcast eye however—there was a slight tremor in her snow-white hand, as it rested on the stone-work of the window, which afforded hope; and Francis of Foix continued:

"Lady, I know that I am unworthy. It is you who have taught me that I am so: and, oh! Blanche, when I tell you that I love you—that I love you better than life, or anything life contains, think not that it is the lip of the idle libertine that speaks; for that love, that deep, intense love, has taught me also the love of virtue; the love of virtue has taught me to abhor vice, to hate even myself—to hate what I have been. But, oh! Blanche, know me—in pity know me but as I am! Forget the past, forget the follies and vices of other days—see me but as you have made me; and, oh! give me hope, in order that hope may give me strength and encouragement in the way of right."

Blanche started: the words he spoke both suggested a fear of the permanence of the change, and a means of trying its reality.

"Do you mean, my lord," she said, "do you mean that if Blanche of Navarre can give you no hope of ever obtaining her hand—for I will not affect to misunderstand you—do you mean that if she can give you no reward, no encouragement, you may fall back into the errors of your former life?"

Francis of Foix paused thoughtfully for a moment. Old habits, and deep acquaintance with the wayward, the capricious, the weak, the vain, and the vicious part of womankind, suggested to his mind for a single instant that Blanche might seek and find a good excuse for yielding to her own inclination in his favor, if he admitted that he might relapse into evil should she deny him. But the nobler spirit which her love had enthroned in his heart rose up instantly, and trampled the demon under foot. He paused, and gazed in her face; then, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed,

"No, Blanche, no!—God forbid that I should use any persuasions towards thee but the true ones. No! Pure, and beautiful, and good, and noble, if I cannot win thee by truth, I will even live or die in wretchedness without thee. No! If thy heart can never be mine; if the errors of my early years have inspired thee with abhorrence that thou canst not conquer; if some happier man has won the jewel that I cannot win; if cold indifference even place its icy barrier between thee and me; still, Blanche of Navarre, still thou hast conquered, thou hast convinced, thou hast humbled, thou hast amended! Thy memory would keep me pure if thy love were denied; and the light which has shone upon my soul from thee and thy virtues, should never go out again till the cold earth of the grave were cast upon my breast."

Blanche trembled very much, and she was several moments ere she could reply; but at length she said, in a low and faltering tone—

"I fear, Sir Count, I very much fear, that resolutions taken under the influence of passion are rarely more permanent than those formed during the reign of sickness. I can promise nothing, my lord, and dare say but little till I am more assured. Suffice it," she added, after a moment's pause, and lifting her eyes for a single instant to his countenance—"suffice it, that I love no one—that my heart is free, and," she added, hesitating, "and it may be won; but it must be won by upright honor and pure virtue. One word more I may say; think not that the past will linger in my mind if the future be contrasted brightly with it. He who conquers his vices, must ever be, in the eyes of Blanche of Navarre, more worthy than if he had never erred; for he gains a victory over a great enemy."

"Enough! enough! enough!" he cried; and, as he spoke, hope, like the fitful flame, once more blazed up with a brighter light than ever it had before cast upon the future. "Enough! enough!—oh! dearest Blanche, you have spoken enough! Too well I know your nature—too well, by sad comparison with others, do I know the beauty and candor of your heart—too well, far too well, to doubt for one single instant that those words, calm, and gentle, and noble as they are, imply a promise and a hope, a boon, a consolation, an encouragement. I have risked all to tell you the truth. I have risked all and gained all, and now I know that success with you depends upon myself. Forgive me if I speak too boldly—forgive me if I speak too rashly. Henceforth, dearest! most beautiful, most noble, most pure! henceforth I journey through life like a pilgrim; with, nigh before his eyes, raised on some blue mountain's cloudy brow, the shrine to which all his efforts, all his wanderings, tend—raised far above himself, but still the object of his aspirations and his hopes; to reach which nothing is required but strength, and fortitude, and resolution, and which nothing can debar him from but folly, vice, or weakness."

He took her hand in his—her unresisting hand—and, raising it calmly to his lips, he added, "Blanche of Navarre, beautiful and beloved! princess of a sovereign house as thou art, thou mayest think it bold that Francis of Foix has raised his eyes to thee. But, lady, I tell thee, and tell thee true, that never sovereign of thine house, however warlike be his name in story, has gained a greater conquest than thou hast. I do not speak in pride, and, if I do, it is in pride of my humility. I say not that thou hast conquered Francis of Foix, for that were vanity; but I say that thou hast conquered a stubborn human heart, pampered with pride, nourished with much success, strengthened with idle fame, panoplied in iron habits, and leading on a host of follies, vices, and mistakes, to war against one bright and beautiful being, armored alone in virtue, and weaponed solely with right. Forever, forever I am thine and Virtue's! And now but appoint me trials, that I may undergo my proof, and walk on with hope to happiness."

Again and again he kissed that small fair hand; and it might well be seen that passion had lost nothing of its fire by being purified from the dust and ashes that kept it smouldering with a dull, foul, lowly flame. Now it blazed high, clear, bright and open, and only gained intensity from being concentrated upon one point.

Blanche of Navarre felt all that she had done, felt all that she had said; but yet, with agitation and alarm, there was mingled a hope and an expectation, and a thrill of joy—of joy, oh, how bright, how glorious, now ennobling! joy springing from the elevation, from the brightening, from the beautifying of the character of a being that we love; joy lighted up by feeling ourselves beloved, with threefold and most ample love, for having given back virtue to a noble heart—for having restored the bright deity to a worthy shrine. All this she felt, and felt it in its utmost intensity.

Again and again he kissed her hand; but, as he did so, at length she started and withdrew it; not that she feared aught from him, for, mingled with the passionate energy with which he pressed it to his lips, there was deep deference and respect; but at that moment a shadow seemed to pass across the further side of the hall. In the dim twilight of that evening hour, and in that vast Gothic chamber, the eyes of Blanche could not discover who it was that crossed towards the opposite door; but she, standing at the window, with all the light which yet lingered in the evening sky forming a back-ground, bright when contrasted with the gloom within, was but too well seen at that moment when Francis of Foix pressed his lips upon her hand.

The eye of Isabel of Valois was upon them. In her heart was all the rage of disappointed passion, mortified pride and wounded vanity.

The days wore on. Blanche saw with bitter pain and many an apprehension that her brother's mind was completely under the dominion of a false, fiery and vicious woman. Insults and mortifications were poured upon her head. In the face of the whole court she was neglected and ill-treated.

Her only consolation was the presence of Francis of Foix. His eyes would flash at each harsh word addressed to her. His lip would quiver at the scornful glance which she did not return. His voice would soothe and support her.

To Isabel of Valois the sight of this unconcealed tenderness was like swallowing molten lead. A thousand wild schemes for ridding herself of her rival chased each other through her brain. Had the poisoned cup been near at hand, or could the dagger have been used without great risk, fair Blanche of Navarre might have passed away from earth by some unknown fate. But Isabel could use no such means without risk to herself.

At length she succeeded in a plan. It was an early morning in the bright summer, Blanche of Navarre was awakened, placed in a litter, and carried rapidly towards the distant mountains. Her brother's hand was to the order for her departure. She asked to see him, but was refused. She could make no resistance.

Half-way between the pass of Roncesvalles and the city of Pampeluna stood an old Gothic castle. Blue and high the mountains rose about it. Perched on a rocky hill it commanded the passes on every side. To this abode was Blanche of Navarre born. She was thenceforth a prisoner, condemned unheard, punished though innocent. The only thing that marked her brother's love was that the apartments assigned to her were spacious and arranged with taste for her convenience.

Time passed slowly in her solitude. At length one day as she sat at her window, her ear caught the sound of a quick coming step, and turning round she beheld a man wrapped in a long pilgrim's robe. Her heart beat quickly, but the next moment a form her memory knew was at her feet.

"Blanche!" he said, "Blanche! do you forgive me for what I have done? Do you forgive me for having sought you here—for having risked the discovery of all the love I bear you, in order to free you from the unworthy thraldom in which you are held?"

"Can you doubt it?" she replied. "Oh, Francis! can you doubt that this is a moment of joy?"

He pressed his lips upon the small hand he held and then replied,—"And yet, dear Blanche, do you consider all that must be, if you would now obtain your freedom by the means that I have prepared? Think me not ungenerous enough, think me not base enough, to seek to take the slightest advantage of the shameful persecution to which you have been subjected, in order even to obtain happiness for myself. I speak but because thy pure and virtuous name is now as dear to Francis of Foix even as to yourself; and I would not—no, not for earth, and all that earth can give—by any act or deed of mine, bring, however unjustly, one stain upon that clear, unspotted fame. Hear me, therefore—hear me! If Blanche of Navarre flies with Francis of Foix, she must determine to become his wife as soon as they have together broken the bands with which tyranny has enthralled her. Safe, indeed, shouldst thou be, dear Blanche," he added; "safe, as a sister or a child, from word or deed or thought that could offend thee, were thou to wander with me, alone, persecuted, unprotected, throughout the world; and, were I as happy—had I been as wise, as many another man has been, thou mightest do so without fear of blame or of reproach. But Francis of Foix has made for himself an evil name, which ages of virtue will scarcely purify; and I fear—oh! I fear to ask thee to fly with me, even from persecution and injustice, unless thy confiding heart can trust to the deep love thou hast inspired, and thy hand become mine as soon as we are free."

Blanche had turned pale, and then again red; and now she sat with downcast eyes, and a cheek once more bloodless and white as marble. It was not that she feared; it was not that she doubted any longer; it was not even that her heart hesitated in regard to its choice. She knew, she felt that she loved him; she knew, she felt that she was truly beloved. But it was the very depth of such feelings; it was the very strength of the passion in her heart; it was the very intensity of the emotion in her bosom, that blanched her cheek, and caused her form to tremble.

She had to make a solemn promise, on which the happiness or misery of all her future life depended; she had to risk peace, joy, existence itself, upon the faith and truth of him she loved. All the world of a woman's happiness was to be staked upon the resolution of the instant; the shrinking modesty of her nature was to yield, for the first time, to acknowledge that she loved; every timid scruple was to give way, and she was to wed at once, without any of the sweet and gentle alleviations which the presence and comforts of friends, and many an old, habitual form and observance afford, to soften the great change in woman's life and feelings. But it was no apprehension made her pause ere she replied; it was not timid delicacy nor hesitating reluctance; but it was that, at that moment, she felt and knew how deep, how strong, how all-absorbing was the love which had grown upon her heart. It was this that overpowered her; it was this that took away her speech; it was this that called all the blood from her cheek, and gathered the warm eddying stream into the filled fountain of her heart.

Francis of Foix saw, but comprehended not entirely the agitation that she suffered. "Oh, Blanche!" he said, gently twining his arms round her, "doubt me, doubt me not! Could you but tell the change that has taken place in my heart; could you but feel how deeply, how totally, how through every thought and feeling I am changed, you would not fear to trust me, even with the treasure of yourself."

"I know it, I know it!" she replied; "I have heard thee speak it when thou thoughtest that no ears heard thee but those of scoffers. I have heard thee, Francis, and my heart has thanked thee. I know that thou wilt love me; I know thou wilt be true to me; I doubt thee no longer; I am confident in thine honor."

"Then why, why hesitate?" he said.

"I hesitate not," she answered, while the warm blood now rushed up into her cheek, and glowed on her brow; "I do not hesitate! It was agitation, but not doubt. It was deep, deep emotion, but not hesitation!"

"Then, thou lovest me!" he exclaimed, pressing her eagerly, but tenderly, to his bosom; "then, thou lovest me! thou art mine. Dear, dear Blanche! thou hast led me back from the depths of folly and vice, and then hast rewarded the effort with thyself. A vow will bind us at the altar—a vow, too often broken, too often utterly forgot. But here, before thee, as I kneel in the sight of God, who sees us both, I take a deeper vow; to dedicate my whole existence unto thee, to make thy happiness my whole object, my whole care; not alone to repay thee love for love, but to exceed all that thou canst feel or know; and prove to thee that the heart of Francis of Foix, like the bright blade of a well-tempered sword, may have been dimmed for a while by the breath of evil, but is still unrusted, strong, and firm as ever. My Blanche! my own! my only beloved!"

Blanche bent down her head upon his shoulder and wept; and ages of smiles were not worth that one moment of tears. But other matters pressed for thought; and her lover told her that he was there with three resolved companions, habited as pilgrims to the shrine of St. Jago; that they had obtained hospitality of the governor of the castle, and that he had left his comrades below to amuse that officer with story and with song, while he had obtained leave to wander round the ramparts of the castle. They were to repose there for that night; his train was within a few miles distance; and if Blanche, he said, and her attendant, would be prepared by half an hour after midnight, he doubted not, either by corruption or by stratagem, to obtain the means of effecting her escape from the castle.

She promised; and, after a few moments more, given to the outpourings of affection, he left her to pursue his scheme. Blanche could trust in the girl who had accompanied her thither; and, as soon as she entered the chamber, she told her all. Their preparations were speedily made, and long and heavy seemed the hours till the sun went down behind the mountains. The clanging step of the sentinels upon the ramparts and bastions, beneath the windows, seemed slower and more heavy than ever, and all the lagging tardiness of long expectant moments hung upon them, till, at length, the bell tolled midnight. After that, silence soon fell over the castle; and they listened, fearful of speaking, even in a whisper, lest they should lose some sound given as a signal or a warning.

The windows were open, and the summer air breathed sweet and mild; but, in a moment or two after, borne on the wings of that light wind, came a sound from the midst of the rocky passes which led away towards Pampeluna. It was the clanging of a horse's feet over the hard road cut along the bosom of the mountain. It came on with furious speed, as if bearing some hasty messenger, sent with important tidings. Now it was faintly heard in the far distance; now ceased entirely, as some craggy turning intervened; now was perceived again, as the wind rose and the steed approached. It came on; grew louder and louder; next sunk away, but not entirely, behind some bold rock or interposing hill; then burst forth again along the side of the nearest mountain, and ceased not, with measured clang, till a loud horn sounded at the gate.

Then creaked the portcullis up; down fell the drawbridge, and there were trampling feet and speaking voices in the court below. The heart of Blanche of Navarre sank with disappointed hope! and imagination, too, as often cruel as she is kind, now leagued with apprehension to deduce a thousand evils from those simple sounds. The absence of her lover from her brother's court, she thought—nor did she think wrongly—might, by this time, have caused suspicion. His steps might have been followed, his path observed; and messengers might have been sent to arrest him, or defeat his purpose. Hope, the most timid though the most persevering of guides, put out her torch in terror; and Blanche leaned her head upon the table and wept.

At that moment, however, the latch of the door was gently raised, and Francis of Foix stood before her.

"Quick!" he exclaimed, "quick, dearest Blanche! not a moment of time is to be lost! Give me your hand, beloved! Follow your mistress quick, fair maid. But first put on these pilgrims' gowns."

"Alas! alas! we are too late," replied Blanche; "there are people in the court below—some messenger is just arrived."

"I know it all," he answered, "I know it all! But the governor sleeps, well filled with wine: I have an order under his hand to give me exit by the postern gate, at what hour I please, accompanied by all my companions. The soldiers in the court are disputing whether they shall wake him: we have yet time, dear Blanche, so let us haste away."

Her heart beat high, her whole frame trembled; the inevitable step was to be taken; the last deciding act was to be performed which fixed her fate forever; and, together with that consciousness—which at any time would have shaken her whole frame and moved her whole heart—were now combined danger and apprehension, the risk of disappointment, disgrace, misrepresentation, calumny.

Yet she hesitated not! She loved and was beloved; and the strong, enobling passion, now, in the moment of difficulty and peril, supplied strength, and courage, and firmness, to the weak frame and timid heart. She cast the cloak around her; she drew the hood over her head; she gave her cold and trembling hand to Francis of Foix; and, with a quick but noiseless step followed him, as he led the way along one of the corridors of the castle, and down the manifold steps which brought them to the lesser court. The moon, raising her broad, golden disk just above the dark masses of the distant Pyrenees, streamed full into the court; and on the other side appeared the forms of three men, partly concealed from the windows of the castle by the shadow of the high wall—partly exposed from a break therein, made through the upper part for the purpose of giving exit by some steps to a demi-lune, thrown forward upon a projection of the rock.

The heart of Blanche of Navarre sunk with terror and agitation at the sight of every being she encountered; but Francis of Foix led her on, and she soon perceived, by the pilgrims' robes, that the three men she beheld were the followers of her lover. Up those steps, towards the demi-lune, lay the path they were to take; and as she felt herself emerging into the moonlight, she would have given worlds to have brought the darkest cloud that ever covered the heavens over the bright planet whose beams she so dearly loved. As they crossed the demi-lune, she turned, for a moment, to glance her timid eye over the frowning fortress she was leaving, in hopes of seeing it all calm and still; but lights were moving about from window to window of the keep, and clinging closely to Francis of Foix, she hurried her pace even more quickly than his own.

At length they reached the sally-port, which first gave exit upon the brow of the rock, and thence, by a narrow and tortuous path, down into the valley below. The guardian of that gate came forward at their approach, read the order by the light of the lamp, and, seeing no restriction in regard to the number of persons whom he was to permit to pass out, threw wide the door and let them go free. Oh! with what joy and ecstacy did the bosom of Blanche of Navarre thrill, when she felt herself standing on the edge of the crag, with the free mountain air below, unconfined, around her! Oh, with what joy did she hear the massive door clang to behind them, the key turn in the lock, and the bolts grate harshly in the stonework!

"Now on, as quick as possible—no time is to be lost!" exclaimed the lover, as he hurried her forward. "Horses are prepared below, dear Blanche: give me ten minutes now, and all Navarre shall never stay me."

Ere they had descended a hundred yards, however, the clear, shrill notes of a trumpet were heard from the summit above, followed by voices calling, and commands echoing from man to man, along the warded wall. A few steps further brought them to a point of the rock which Blanche had often beheld from the windows of her own apartments, and from it she now could see the tall tower wherein those apartments were situated, rising, dark and giant-like above the steep. She raised her eyes to the windows, but all was blank. No light shone out therein; and the apprehension which she had felt, lest her flight from that dark prison had been discovered, passed away. A moment afterwards, through the windows of the antechamber came a bright flash: the next instant the whole suit of rooms was filled with light, and dark figures were seen crossing the blaze.

"We are discovered!" she whispered, "we are discovered!"

But Francis of Foix only hurried her on the more quickly. A few steps further the rock ended, and the hill began to slope more gently into the valley; and the next moment, as their steps sounded along the path, the quick pawing of an eager horse's foot was heard, followed by a loud, shrill neigh.

"We are safe, dear Blanche! we are safe!" said her lover. "They have swift steeds and strong hands who tear thee from me now."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

The Presidency.

General Sherman has written a letter, stating that he has never been and never will be a candidate for the Presidency, that if nominated by either party he would decline, and that even if unanimously elected he would decline to serve.

The General probably does not think it "the greatest honor in the world" to be President of the United States—and a good many others agree with him. The silly stuff about the great honor of being President, or even King or Emperor, of any people, is rapidly having its day. Such places have little charm for men who are too wise to flatter the prejudices, and too honest to abuse the confidence of a nation. As Halleck says:—

"Give me in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change."

To every truly great and wise man, the crown of state almost inevitably becomes a crown of thorns. Nothing but the sternest sense of duty ever leads such men to accept the highest office. But in this as in other respects, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." The office a Washington hesitates to accept, John Smiths, on every side, feel themselves abundantly qualified for. And when fools lead fools, who can wonder that they all stumble into the ditch together.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY. By HERBERT SPENCER. Vol. I. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. This volume, the work of one of the ablest thinkers of the age, is now issued in a second edition, almost double the size of the first, issued in 1855. The leading conceptions set forth in the first edition, at that time received scarcely any attention. The Doctrine of Evolution, everywhere implied in it, was ridiculed by the great majority of the scientific world. But during the last ten years a change of attitude towards the doctrine of Evolution in general has taken place, and the doctrine of Mental Evolution here set forth seems less unacceptable.

COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD: A Manual of Practical Housewifery. By MARION HARLAND. Published by Chas. Scribner, New York; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Phila.

ARTHUR O'LEARY. A Novel. By CHAS. LEVER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

MARRIED FOR BOTH WORLDS. By Mrs. A. E. PORTER, author of "Captain John," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

AN INQUIRY into the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad Litigations of 1869, and Mr. David Dudley Field's Connection Therewith. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for April. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Phila.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for May. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Phila.

GOOD HEALTH for June. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston; contains its usual number of good articles.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE for June. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Phila.

Housework for Girls.

It is the law of God that no human being can have a sound, vigorous body, accomplish much physically, and enjoy long life, without good muscles. Though there is a variety of ways by which exercise may be obtained, yet domestic labor is best adapted to develop and strengthen the whole system. Within a few years much interest has been awakened upon the subject of physical exercise, particularly as connected with schools and seminaries of learning. Besides the out-door exercises and games, calisthenics and gymnastics have been introduced inside the school room, and are becoming a part of the regular exercises in many institutions. This is an improvement in the right direction—and is good as far as it goes—but it is entirely inadequate to meet fully the demands of nature.

No kind of exercise for girls is so well calculated as household work to develop all the muscles of the body—to do it in early life, and gradually under circumstances favorable to health generally. The girl and young woman must thus be trained year after year, otherwise she will never obtain that hardihood of constitution, that strength of muscle, that power of endurance, or in other words, that balance of temperament so essential to good health and happiness in all the social and domestic relations of life.—*Dr. Allyn.*

☞ A new mode of suicide has been invented in Illinois. A man filled his mouth with gunpowder, and putting caps between his teeth, bit them up until an explosion took place.

☞ An abandoned wretch who was warned by a temperance friend to "look not upon the wine when it is red within the cup," replied "I never touch red wine, whiskey agrees better with my constitution."

☞ Punch gallantly says: "What in woman is called curiosity, in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the spirit of inquiry."

☞ It is well known that M'lle Nilsson has indorsed several different pianofortes, each being the best, and we now have her opinion upon articles of food. A firm of fish dealers of Chicago publish the following in their advertisement:—

Sirs: Them codfish is *in elegant, their favor is high, so is them Herrin.* I recommend them as I do you to all *lovirs of gud eatin.*

Resp'y CHRISTINE NILSSON.

☞ Although one swallow will not make a summer, still a pin maliciously inserted in a chair will make one spring.

BETSEY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

Sequel to "Betsey and I Are Out."

BY HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson here,
To see that things are regular, settled up fair, and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has talked to me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business—only a word to say—
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day),
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind,
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home;
I want to thank him for some things; 'twas kind of him to come.
He showed the Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true,
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer, too.

There! How good the sun feels, and the grass and blowin' trees—
Something about them lawyers makes me fit to freeze—
I wasn't bound to state particulars to that man,
But it's right *you* should know, parson, about our change of plan.

We'd been some days a waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper was at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see when we came to division, there was things that wouldn't divide—
There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll go."

Then there was Grandsire's Bible, he died on our wedding day,
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena, and Eunice, and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talking of Caleb established down at McHenryville,
Three dollars a week 'twould cost him, no mendin' nor sort of care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears false hair.

Still we went on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed—
"Save you climbing steps much in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last—I felt a sinkin'—and he
Looked as he did with the ague, in the Spring of sixty-three;
'Twas then you dropped in, parson; 'twan't much that was said—
"Little children love one another"—but the thing was killed stone dead.

I should like to make a confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was *all* on my side, that never was my way;
But it may be true that women, though how 'tis I can't see,
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin', it wasn't pourin' oil,
And the church a laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted toil,
And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should had got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin', except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur neighborhood—
"Seasons of prayer" they called it—didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the heifer, one of the kindest and best,
That brother Ephraim gave me, the Fall he moved out West—
I'm free to own it riled me, that Caleb should think and say
She died of convulsions, a cow that milked four gallons a day.

But I needn't have spoken of turnips, needn't have been so cross,
And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all my loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson, that fire shan't ever break out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a doubt.

Then there are p'ints of doctrine, and views of a future state.
I'm willing to stop discussin'—we can both afford to wait—
'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, disputin' when it's due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blemedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on our knees—
So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim,
I wish if it comes convenient, you'd 'change a word with him;
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel isn't clear.
That folks live better in Heaven for havin' quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation. Why, parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below;
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square.
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made, you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him, when my time comes to go,
As if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that unstrung me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise,
Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord part him and me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

—*Toledo Blade.*

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 4.

Baron Trenck.—(Concluded.)

A letter posted by Gaihardt's wife, containing an unusual number of recommendations, revealed the whole plot; though, after a strict search, the authorities failed to discover any of the signs of Trenck's activity on either his chains or the flooring of his cell. All that was noticed was the changes he had made in his window, which was immediately closed up with planks. The prisoner was interrogated with threats as to the names of his accomplices, in presence of his guards, and his firmness in refusing to make any revelations proved of great service to him afterwards among men, who were not unwilling to aid a prisoner if they could feel quite certain of not being betrayed. Some days after, all his chains were padlocked together; and his window too was narrowed till it became little better than a mere air-vent. He was at the same time deprived of his bed, and he had no other means of taking repose than by sitting on the floor with his back against the wall, in which position he was half strangled by the weight of the padlock. He became ill, and lay for two months at the point of death without receiving any aid. He was again, however, allowed the use of his bed.

When he had again recovered, he contrived to gain by bribes three of the four officers who attended him, and through them he obtained candles, books, newspapers; and, more precious than all, some tools for cutting through the chains hanging from his padlock. He also, through one of the officers, obtained larger handcuffs, from which he could easily withdraw his hands. He then renewed his subterranean labors with the design of cutting a passage, thirty-seven feet in length, to the gallery beneath the rampart. He made a new opening, however, to avoid working beneath the feet of the sentinels:—

"The work at first proceeded so rapidly that, while I had room to throw back my sand, I was able in one night to gain three feet; but ere I had proceeded ten feet, I discovered all my difficulties. Before I could continue my work, I was obliged to make room for myself, by emptying the sand out of the hole upon the floor of the prison, and this itself was an employment of some hours. The sand was obliged to be thrown out by the hand, and after it thus lay heaped in my prison, it had again to be returned into the hole. I have calculated that after I had proceeded twenty feet, I was obliged to creep under ground in my hole from fifteen hundred to two thousand fathoms within twenty-four hours, in the removal and replacing of the sand. This labor ended, care was to be taken that in none of the crevices of the floor there might be any appearance of this fine white sand. The flooring was next to be exactly replaced, and my chains to be resumed. So severe was the fatigue of one day of this kind, that I was always obliged to rest the three following.

"To reduce my labor as much as possible, I was constrained to make the passage so small that my body only had space to pass, and I had not room to draw my arm back to my head. The work, too, had all to be done naked, otherwise the dirtiness of my shirt would have been remarked; and the sand was wet, water being found at the depth of four feet, where the stratum of the gravel began. At length the expedient of sand bags occurred to me, by which it might be removed out and in more expeditiously. I obtained linen from the officers, but not in sufficient quantities. Suspicions would have been excited had too much linen been brought into the prison. At last I took my sheets, and the ticking that inclosed my straw, and cut them up for sand bags, taking care to lie down on my bed as if ill, when Bruckhausen paid his visit.

"The labor, towards the conclusion, became so intolerable as to excite despondency. I frequently sat contemplating the heaps of sand, during a momentary respite from work; and thinking it impossible I could have strength or time again to replace all things as they were, have resolved patiently to wait the consequences, and leave everything in its present disorder. Yes, I can assure the reader that to effect concealment, I have scarcely had time in twenty-four hours to sit down and eat a morsel of bread. Recollecting, however, the efforts and all the progress I had made, hope would again revive in me, and exhausted strength return, and again would I begin my labors; yet it has frequently happened that my visitors have entered a few minutes after I had reinstated everything in its place.

"When my work was within six or seven feet of being accomplished, a new misfortune happened, that at once frustrated all further attempts. I worked, as I have said, under the foundation of the rampart, near where the sentinels stood. I could disencumber myself of my fetters, except my neck collar and its pendant chain. This, as I worked, though it was fastened, got loose, and the clanking was heard by one of the sentinels, about fifteen feet from my dungeon. The officer was called, they laid their ears to the ground and heard me as I went backward and forward to bring my earth bags. This was reported the next day, and the major, who was my best friend, with the town major, and a smith and mason, entered my prison. I was terrified. The lieutenant, by a sign, gave me to understand I was discovered. An examination was begun; but the officers would not see, and the smith and mason found all, as they thought, safe. Had they examined my bed they would have seen the ticking and sheets were gone. The town major, who was a dull man, was persuaded the thing was impossible, and said to the sentinel, 'Blockhead, you have heard some mole underground, and not Trenck. How indeed could it be, that he should work underground at such a distance from his dungeon?' Here the scrutiny ended.

"There was now no time for delay. Had they altered their hour of coming, they must have found me at work; but this, during ten years, never happened, for the governor and town major were stupid men, and the others, poor fellows, wishing me all success, were willingly blind. In a few days I could have broken out; but when ready, I was desirous to wait for the visitation of the man who had treated me so tyrannically, Bruckhausen; but this man, though he wanted understanding, did not want good fortune. He was ill for some time, and his duty devolved on K——. He recovered, and the visitation being over, the doors were no sooner barred than I began my supposed last labor. I had only three feet farther to proceed, and it was no longer necessary that I should bring out the sand, as I had room to throw it behind me. What my anxiety was, what my exertions were, can well be imagined. My evil genius, however, had decreed that the same sentinel who had heard me before should be that day on guard. He was piqued by vanity to prove he was not the blockhead he had been called, he therefore again laid his ear to the ground, and again heard me burrowing. He called his comrades first, next the major, who came and heard me likewise; they then went outside the palisades and heard me working next the door, at which place I was to break into the gallery. This door they immediately opened, entered the gallery with lanterns, and waited to catch the hunted fox when unearthed.

"Through the first small breach I made I perceived a light, and saw the heads of those who were expecting me. This was indeed a thunderstroke. I crept back, made my way through the sand I had cast behind me, and shudderingly awaited my fate. I had the presence of mind to conceal my pistols, candles, paper, and some money, under the moveable floor. The money was disposed of in various holes, well concealed in the panels of the doors; and I hid my small files and knives under different cracks in the floor. Scarcely were these disposed of before the doors resounded. The floor was covered with sand and sand bags; my handcuffs, however, and the separating bar I had hastily resumed, that they might suppose I had worked with them on, which they were silly enough to credit, highly to my future advantage."

The passage which had cost Trenck so much trouble was filled up, the flooring repaired, heavier irons replaced those which he had broken, and he was once more deprived of his bed. Bruckhausen and the major interrogated him in presence of the workmen and the soldiers as to the manner in which he had obtained his tools. 'My answer," says Trenck, was, 'Gentlemen, Beelzebub is my best and most intimate friend; he brings me everything I want, and supplies me with light. We play whole nights at piquet, and, guard me as you please, he will finally deliver me out of your power.'

"Some were astonished, others laughed. At length, as they were barring the last door, I called, 'Come, gentlemen, you have forgotten something of great importance in the interior.' I had taken up one of my hidden files when they returned: 'Look you, gentlemen,' said I, 'here is a proof of the friendship Beelzebub has for me; he has brought me this in a twinkling.' Again they examined the cell, and again they shut the doors. While they were so doing I took out a knife and the *louis-d'ors*. Their consternation was excessive, and I solaced my misfortunes by jesting at such blundering short-sighted keepers. It was soon rumored through Madgeburg, especially among the simple and vulgar, that I was a magician, to whom the devil brought all that I asked. One Major Holtzkammer, a very selfish man, profited by this report. A foolish citizen had offered him fifty dollars if he might only be permitted to see me through the door, as he was very desirous to see a wizard. Holtzkammer told me, and we jointly determined to sport with his credulity. The major gave me a mask with a monstrous nose, which I put on when the doors were opening, and threw myself in an heroic attitude. The affrighted burgher drew back, but Holtzkammer stopped him, and said, 'Have patience for some quarter of an hour and you shall see he will assume quite a different countenance.' The burgher waited. My mask was thrown by, and my face appeared whitened with chalk and made ghastly. The burgher again shrunk back, Holtzkammer kept him in conversation, and I assumed a third facial form. I tied my hair under my nose, and fastened a pewter dish to my breast, and when the door opened a third time, I thundered, 'Begone, rascals, or I'll twist your necks awry.' They both ran, and the silly burgher, eased of his fifty dollars, scampered first."

He then once more began his mining operations, and had already made considerable progress with them, when the governor of the fortress becoming mad, he was replaced by the hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel, who treated Trenck with so much kindness that the grateful prisoner pledged himself not to attempt to escape. This state of things continued for eighteen months, at the end of which time the prince, leaving the fortress in consequence of the death of his father, Trenck considered himself justified in making another effort for liberty. He accordingly procured the necessary tools with the same facility as before, and was opening up one of his old galleries, when an accident happened that had nearly put an end to his project and his life.

"While mining under the foundation of the ramparts," he says, "just as I was going to carry out the sand bag, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall, which fell down and closed up the passage. What was my horror to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune there were some feet of empty space into which I threw the sand as I worked it away, but the small quantity of air soon made it so foul that I a thousand times wished myself dead, and made several attempts to strangle myself. Further labor began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as often as I put my mouth to the sand I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were incredible, and I imagine I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreaded deaths surely such a one as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted, again I somewhat recovered, again I began to labor, but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand, that I might turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball and turned round. I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but there being an opening at the top I respired fresher air. My next labor was to root away the sand under the stone and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and by this means at length I once more happily arrived in my dungeon."

He had hardly time to clear away the traces of his work, and to put all in order, before he received the daily visit of his jailers. A change of the garrison and other circumstances somewhat hindered the accomplishment of his design, but the gallery was at length finished, and an officer had even promised to bring him false keys to open his prison doors. Too thought that he was on the very eve of liberty turned his head, as he admits himself.

"I was then vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough," he says, "to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the great Frederic! Should this fail, I still thought my lieutenant a certain savior. Having heated my imagination with this lamentable scheme, I awaited the hour of visitation with great anxiety. The major entered. 'I know, sir,' I said, 'the great Prince Ferdinand is again in Madgeburg' (my new friend had told me this): 'Be pleased to inform him that he may first examine my prison, and double the sentinels, and afterwards give me his commands, stating at what hour it will please him I should make my appearance in perfect freedom on the glacis of Klosterbergen. If I prove myself capable of this, I then hope for the protection of Prince Ferdinand, and I trust he will relate my proceedings to the king, who may thereby be convinced of my innocence and the perfect clearness of my conscience.'

"The major was astonished, and he supposed my brain turned. The proposal he held to be ridiculous, and the performance impossible. As I, however, persisted, he rode to town and returned with the subgovernor, Reichmann, the town major, Riding, and the major of inspection. The answer they delivered was, 'That the prince promised me his protection, the king's favor, and a certain release from my chains, should I prove the truth of my assertion.' I required they would appoint a time; they ridiculed the thing as impossible, and at last said that it would be sufficient could I only prove the practicability of such a scheme; but should I refuse they would immediately break up the whole flooring and place sentinels in my dungeon night and day; adding, 'The governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.'

"After the most solemn promises of good faith, I immediately disencumbered myself of my chains, raised up the flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and also two keys, that my friend had procured me, to the doors of the subterranean gallery. I desired them to enter this gallery and sound with their sword hilts at a place through which I could easily break in a few minutes. I further described the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been shut for six months, and that they already had the keys to the others, adding, I had horses waiting at the glacis that would be ready the moment I wanted them.

"They went, examined, returned, and put questions, which I answered with as much precision as the engineer could have done who built the Star Fort. They left me with seeming friendship, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the prince was astonished at what he had heard, that he wished me all happiness, and then took me unfettered to the guard-house. The major came in the evening, treated us with a sumptuous supper, assured me everything would happen in accordance with my wishes, and that Prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

"But all these promises were illusory. The guard was reinforced next day; two grenadiers entered the officers' room as sentinels; the whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes; the drawbridges were raised in open day, and precautions were taken as if it were supposed I intended to make attempts as desperate as those I had made at Glatz."

Nothing had come from the Duke of Brunswick. The commandant and the officers, dreading the king's displeasure, had spread the rumor that a new attempt at escape had been discovered on the part of the prisoner. The cell was repaired in eight days and paved with great flagstones, and the unfortunate Trenck was again placed there, with a single chain about his feet, which weighed as much as all those he had previously worn put together. The duke, however, was some time afterwards informed of all the circumstances, and he spoke to the king, who kept Trenck in prison another year and then set him at liberty.

It is well known that Trenck, after a life of constant agitation, perished on the scaffold during the first French revolution with Andre Chenier.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—6000 bbls sold at from $5,25@5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6 for extra; $6,00@7,12½ for Northwest family; $6,00@7,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $7,75@9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,75@6 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—40,000 bus sold at $1,65@1,67 for Ohio and Indiana red; $1,45@1,55 for Penna red; $1,67@1,68 for Western amber. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at $1,13@1,15 ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 40,000 bus at 72@73c for Western mixed; 74@75c for Penna and Delaware yellow, and Western yellow at 73@74c. Oats—Sales of 70,000 bus at 67@68 for mixed, and 68@69c ₱ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $16,75@17, and extra prime at $14,50. Mess Beef at $18 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $25@28 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15c; Excelsior Hams at 16c; Sides at 9¼@10½c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 11@11c; Sides 6c; and Shoulders, in salt, at 6c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 10@10½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 10@15c; Pennsylvania store-packed at 16@16c, and roll at 18@22c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 18@20c ₱ doz. Cheese sells at 10@14c ₱ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 500 bales Middlings at 18@19½c for Uplands, and 18½@20½c for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $28@29 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $15@20 ₱ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

FRUIT—Peaches—Sales at 13@14c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $3@7 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,35@1,45; mixed do, $1,10@1,15; Straw, $1,50@1,55.

HOPS—Sales at 7@15c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 700 tons of No. 1 at $25 ₱ ton; 400 tons of No. 2 at $23, and Gray Forge at $22 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $23,50@24 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—We quote at 8@8½c ₱ lb. Timothy at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2,30.

☞ A little girl of Portland was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, when she suddenly paused. "Well, what did they forget?" asked the teacher, encouragingly. "They forgot their kerosene," responded Miss Five-year-old.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York
ap22-tf

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from all parts of the body *in five minutes without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may27-12t

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes* and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail. Address, S. C. UPHAM, 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. may27 12t

A Chapter of Facts.

Space is valuable in a newspaper, and it is therefore proposed in this advertisement to condense a variety of facts, important to the public, into a small compass. Those facts refer to HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—what that celebrated medicine is, and what it will do. In the first place, then, the article is a stimulant, tonic and alterative, consisting of a combination of an absolutely pure spirituous agent with the most valuable medicinal vegetable substances that Botanic research has placed at the disposal of the chemist and the physician. Those ingredients are compounded with great care, and in such proportions as to produce a preparation which invigorates without exciting the general system, and tones, regulates and controls the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the minor secretive organs.

What this great restorative will do must be gathered from what it has done. The case of dyspepsia, or any other form of indigestion, in which it has been persistently administered without effecting a radical cure, is yet to be heard from, and the same may be said of bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental disabilities to which the feeble are so subject. It purifies all the fluids of the body, including the blood, and the gentle stimulus which it imparts to the nervous system is not succeeded by the slightest reaction. This is a chapter of facts which readers, for their own sakes, should mark and remember. ja3-4t

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $2; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

500,000 PEOPLE have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 212 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1837.
ap8 3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION*. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.
ap8 3m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "Family Physician," 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

Interesting to Ladies.

As a Family Sewing Machine I consider the Grover & Baker superior to any other, requiring less labor to run it, and giving more satisfaction in its work particularly in its elasticity of stitch. I have tried several other machines, none of which have given me the satisfaction which the Grover & Baker machine has. Having used it for several years, I unhesitatingly say it is superior to all other machines with which I am acquainted.

MRS. J. M. MOORE,
Broomall, Delaware Co., Pa.

A SINGLE trial will convince the most skeptical of the efficacy of HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS in Sick or Nervous Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion, Constipation Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, General Debility, &c. No nausea, no griping pains, but mild, pleasant and safe in operation. Children take them with impunity. They are the best and most reliable. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA creates new, fresh and healthy blood, beautifies the Complexion, and imparts a youthful appearance, dispelling Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, and all eruptions of the skin.

All Women are not Beautiful, but all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of having a face covered with coarse Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches, &c., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 35 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm use Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best, and the most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. ja17-4t

My Wife and I.

A sky of azure, a bit of heaven,
An hour of bliss to mortals given,
A church, a dainty dress by my side,
A solemn service, a kiss—a bride,
Then thronging friends,
A last good-by;
And so we are married—
My wife and I.

Long hours of rapture, long days of joy,
Time passing unheeded—without alloy.
A tour when everything looks its best,
A river in autumn glory dressed;
No thought of trouble,
No care, nor sigh,
For we are so happy—
My wife and I.

A slow awakening, as from a dream,
A drifting once more into life-work's stream,
A little respite from toil, and then
The world with its hopes and fears again;
But a home and a love
That shall last for aye,
For now we are settled—
My wife and I.

And as hours vanish in time's quick flight,
And our life's fair morning grows to-night,
As carking cares with our pleasures stay,
And our heads are streaked with a silvery gray;
Yet shall love increase
As the days go by;
And we live for each other—
My wife and I.

Unprofessional Dressmaking.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ZIG.

Dear Post:—To you I confide all my troubles. Into your sympathizing ears I pour a series of grumbles. I have been at it now several years. You can't imagine the comfort it is to me. Sometimes it is school-teaching I complain of, and again it is cooking. Anon I take vengeance on the merciless bores who torment me, by telling on them in print. Then again it is something else, but whatever it is, you always listen good-naturedly to my grumblings.

And it is very kind of you.

Well, I have a method in my madness. I do my grumbling on a systematic, pre-concerted plan. There is a moral to it. You shall hear the moral. I will tack it on to the end of the present article, like the tail of a kite, to ballast the rest. But before I come to the moral:

Allow me to tell you about my new dress.

It was a grayish buff muslin, fifty cents a yard. I wish to be exact throughout. I bought twelve yards of it at first. I didn't exactly know how I wanted it made. I had a confused, shadowy idea that, in order to be at all fashionable, and bonos "decent," it must be an aggregated and aggravated conglomeration of flounces, frills and overskirts, with aprons before and behind and at the sides, and unmeaning puckers caught up here and there over its length and breadth, a two-story frilled collar, and a sash with bow and ends stitched in bias bands ruffled in box-pleated scallops. Besides that, I was aware that it had to have frizzly little tabs and ends and things sticking out at stated intervals all over it. Then I was told that a bundle of newspapers was required to be tied on, to hold this fearfully and wonderfully made fabric up in its place. Then the costume would be complete, and your correspondent fashionably dressed and fit to be seen.

But that was all I knew about it. Well, I undertook to make that dress myself. I know you will scarcely credit it that I was such an idiot, but I was. I am compelled to acknowledge it. I cut the skirt of my dress out. I cut part of it too short and the other part too long. Then I took the part that was too short and cut it up into flouncing. I had to get two yards more of grayish buff muslin, fifty cents a yard, to finish the skirt. By-and-by I cut out the waist. After I had that waist cut out and basted up, I saw another fashion, and concluded to make my waist a new way. I bought another yard and a half of grayish buff muslin, fifty cents a yard. I could cut the other waist up into cording, or something, they told me. Then I went to a pattern store and bought an article of blue and yellow tissue paper, supposed to represent even to the eye of a blockhead (that was I) the exact method of constructing the new-fashioned waist. I also procured, at the same diabolical pattern store, the counterfeit semblance of a two-story frilled collar and a queer-looking puffy sleeve, the latest fashion, I was assured. These last two cost twenty-five cents apiece, the waist pattern cost fifty cents. And I wish the house next door to that paper pattern store would take fire on a windy day, so that the fire engines would have to squirt water all over and all through the pattern store to preserve it.

The three blue and yellow patterns were unmitigated humbugs, every one of them. You couldn't have cut out a waist for a two weeks old puppy dog from them. You couldn't even have cut out a goose-yoke by them. I believe the paper pattern business is an atrocious swindle, a regular confidence game to trap the innocent and unwary.

I cut out my waist by the new-fashioned pattern, with the best intentions in the world. And when I had basted it up and tried it on, it was the oddest looking contraption that eyes ever witnessed. I assure you it was a sight to behold. You could have stuffed in a loaf of bread around the waist, while it choked me at the throat till it brought tears to my eyes. I wore it down on Fourth street once, and it appeared to me that the very dogs were barking at me. I never put the thing on again.

Sequel, I got three yards more of grayish buff muslin, fifty cents a yard, and hired a dressmaker to make me my third new waist. She charged me six dollars for making over my dress. I spent three weeks bothering and worrying over that wretched garment, then I had to wait that much longer until the dressmaker had time to make it. At last, by the time it was finished, it was all out of fashion. Grayish buff muslins with two-story frilled collars are no longer worn at all. And that is the true story of my new dress.

I have on hand five or six yards of grayish buff muslin cut up into all sizes of shreds, strips and streamers, of no use to man, beast or angels. They won't even go into the patchwork of a quilt for the celebrated "My trundlebed." They are my failures. They stand as mournful monuments of the fallacy of a body's trying to do what a body can't do.

Anybody who wants them can have them.

I have done several sorts of things in my life, and accomplished some little undertakings, which, though of no consequence at all to the rest of the world, are mayhap of undue importance to me. In truth it appears to me that, as Bunyan says: I have

"Fought with devils,
Have also overcome a many evils."

But I don't think I can manage to make dresses when I never learned dressmaking, and indeed never had a moment's time to learn it, if I had wanted to ever so much. There are a few things I can do, and very many things I can't do. Dressmaking is one thing I can't do. I don't take to it. Then again there are a few things which I like to do very much, and many, very many things I don't like to do at all. The things I don't like to do are just exactly the things I have had to do all my life. I dare say it is the case with everybody.

The moral which I promised to inflict on you takes the form of a problem—a problem which I cannot solve. All women who earn a living for themselves, lead double lives. Unless they earn three times the wages women ordinarily get, they are obliged to do, not only the day's work which buys their food and clothing, but outside of and apart from that, they must cook the food and make the clothing after they have earned them. Otherwise they cannot live at all, for their wages are not sufficient to hire the food cooked, and the clothing made. Women have their lives constantly torn up and distracted by forty things which men never dream of. No matter where she is or what she is, a woman in poor, or even moderate circumstances, is forever hampered and tied down by a host of petty, vexatious cares, such as mending, washing, ironing, sweeping, sewing, and all that trash, and that too although working eight or ten hours a day at something else to bring in money. She is too poor to hire these vexatious cares taken off her shoulders. The result of this divided life is that she can't half do anything. Is it not so? A working woman's life, dragged through thus, is a weary one at best.

Can any one think of a remedy? I cannot. I feel sure that there must be something better than this way in which so many women exist along, though I have not found it out. Hundreds of times in the last ten years I have pondered that hard problem, How can a working woman who needs all her time to properly carry on her trade or occupation, manage to get it? Can you answer?

Here I close. Like the old lady in the play:—I am a woman of few words.

"Luck." What Is It?

The man who marries the prettiest girl of the place is said to be a "lucky fellow," and so of him who draws the highest prize at a lottery, or, by the "fortunate" turn of affairs, clears the gulf between want and wealth in an hour. And yet the histories of all times tell us that, with a terrible uniformity and certainty, the men who come suddenly possessed of unearned millions die in misery.

Within five years a well-to-do farmer drew a quarter of a million of dollars in a prize at a lottery. The whole country envied him in his luck. But he has since died from a style of living induced by his good fortune, and his only son has turned out a drunkard.

The man whose first bet on the race-course, whose first deal at the card-table, whose first risk at faro, whose maiden lottery ticket, brings money largely into his pocket, is a ruined man at the very instant the world pronounces him "lucky." Any man, especially any young man, who starts out in life with the conviction that money can be better made than by earning it, is a lost man—lost already to society, lost to his family, and lost to himself.

An alarming number of the sons of the rich men of New York are at this moment helpless drunkards. Young men of education, of manly qualities, of a generous nature, honorable and high-minded; but the demon of drink has taken such possession of them that a father's breaking heart, a mother's tears, and a sister's agony, avail not to draw them from deep damnation. Elegant leisure was their ruin.

The best way to save a child from ruin is to bring him up to "help father." Make children feel that they must do something to support the family, to help along; then two feelings arise which are their salvation—those of affection and pride; for we naturally love those whom we help, or those with whom we struggle together for a desired object, and nothing so improves a child as to make him feel that he can do something, and that which he does is appreciated.

Lola Montez.—With respect to color as well as the brilliancy of eyes, two peculiarities should be marked. Some eyes look dark and even black, which are neither in themselves. The eyes of the ex-Countess of Landsfeld (Lola Montez) had a wonderful effect of an extraordinary kind of blackness, as though one could see bright gleams and rays emitted by two coals. Many of the denizens of Honolulu and Botany Bay were absolutely alarmed at her approach during her visits at one place and another in the southern hemisphere. But her eyes were, in reality, not black at all. On looking closely into them, they were found to be of a deep blue, but with jet black eyelashes of unusual length and fineness. Long black eyelashes generally give this effect to all eyes, the more so if the eyes and hair are also dark. Sometimes the power of expression in the eye is mainly due to the eyelids; or to the eyebrows.

A copy of General Washington's order in regard to swearing, from the original order in his own handwriting:

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing—notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, *if possible*, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake therefore of religion, decency, and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an invariable rule to reprimand, and if that does not do, punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it could not fail of having the desired effect."

My Love.

With roses musky breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly wreathed,
I wove a crown before her,
For her I love so dearly—
A garland for Leonora,
With a silken cord I bound it.
Leonora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Scene.—A small room in my house at T—— A blazing fire, for it is icy cold outside this winter's night. The major, sitting directly opposite, with his appendix—a huge pipe between his handsome lips. Myself vigorously poking the fire.

"Well, major?"

"Well, Carnes, what shall it be to-night?"

"Something of life on the border."

"Just thinking of something of that sort myself," said he, as he began his story.

When I was sheriff of L—— county, I had to make some precious dodges to save my neck from being stretched according to Judge Lynch. The continual war which I was obliged to wage upon renegades made me alike feared and hated. I was but a deputy, and so had considerable opportunity to exercise my talents as a detective. There is a class of ruffians in the border states who commit all sorts of outrages and depredations, and when they are likely to get trapped, they slough off and seek refuge with some tribe of the red-skinned "Lo." Into the very heart of the Indian country they must often be pursued if justice is done them.

One morning I was visited by General M——, commander of the troops stationed at fort ——, with the disagreeable intelligence that another inhuman butchery had been committed upon a family of settlers living a little way on the plains.

"We have every reason to suppose," said General M——, "that it is the renegade Hines who has been so cruelly butchering the settlers who incautiously live beyond the cover of our artillery."

"What reasons are there to suppose that it is Hines?" I questioned.

"Why, two or three of our pickets declare that they have seen the fiend lurking around for some days."

"I should have known this before."

"True, major, but I dislike sending a man out on a bootless expedition; and, to confess the truth, I thought the boys had allowed their imaginations a little too much scope. However, as it proves, I regret it bitterly that I did not heed them before, and so prevent this butchery."

"Do you imagine that Hines was alone?"

"No, for they stampeded the old man's cattle after the murder. So it is evident that more or less red-skins were with him."

This was sufficient information, and I started off that very night. Two or three staff officers accompanied me. We rode carelessly enough that night, but in the morning became more cautious, for our good steeds had carried us a long way, and we were likely to strike upon a party of predatory reds at any moment.

Long before noon I was sure that I was in the wrong company, for the boys were mostly from the eastern states, and I could not impress them with the idea that any more caution was necessary while on an Indian hunt than if they were trailing a red fox. Finally I became angry and spun off a few orders which had the effect to quiet them in a measure.

About noon we came upon the remains of a camp-fire, apparently where the rascals had stopped for the night. I was convinced immediately that they were the very persons with whom we wished to deal, for there were many tracks about the fire; the ground was soft from recent rains, and among the tracks were the marks both of horses' feet and those of cattle.

Impressing upon the boys the need of the utmost caution, we carefully moved onward again. The second night we halted in a grove of cotton-wood. After a few hours' sleep I arose, and with the earliest dawn ascended an eminence close at hand, from the top of which I could get a view of the surrounding country. After my eye had become accustomed to the faint light, I could distinguish at a great distance westerly the dim smoke of a camp-fire, while nearer, riding leisurely, I could make out a solitary horseman. It was evidently his purpose to ascend a piece of rising ground for the purpose of reconnoitering before striking camp. I no sooner got one full glimpse of his figure than I knew it was the renegade. I had seen him on horseback before. There was a peculiar slouch—no other word will express it—to his form once seen not to be mistaken. He lopped forward, with his shock head protruding and neck stretched out like a wolf scenting his prey. I should not have been astonished at any time to hear the howl of that animal burst from his throat.

I rapidly returned to where the boys were lying, and communicated my discovery. They were not nearly so much elated as myself, at our nearness to the lawless fiend, but I proposed immediate pursuit—to steal cautiously along as far as the belt of cotton-wood would cover us, and then make a bold sweep across the open plain. We acted immediately upon this suggestion, but as if the wretch was warned by intuition, the moment we broke from the belt of woods he discovered us, and put spurs to his horse, taking a northwesterly course towards the Republican Fork. We followed in hot pursuit, expecting nothing less than that he would lead us into an ambuscade.

However we had a clear piece of country over which to pursue him, and seeing ere long that he was diverging toward a belt of woodland to the left, we planned to intercept his course, and being mounted upon the swiftest steeds, we gradually circled around and hemmed him in. He was game, however, and gave us volley after volley from his revolvers, so soon as we were sufficiently near. One or two balls wounded our beasts, otherwise we escaped unharmed. However, he was not brought to surrender until a blow from the butt end of my carbine had toppled him to the ground.

We immediately ornamented his wrists with the bracelets, and leaving him in his stunned condition with the boys as soon as we came to an outpost, where was stationed a small number of United States troops, I hastened to headquarters to report, and also to ascertain what was the intention of the military authorities in regard to his disposal. Imagine my chagrin on returning to the post in the morning, with full authority to deliver the outlaw to the authorities who were undecided as to what course was proper to pursue in regard to him, to find that during the night he had effected his escape. I gave the boys my opinion of them in language more emphatic than flattering, and learning what I could, I started off on my own hook in pursuit of the demon who seemed thus far to lead a charmed life.

I travelled over considerable country in the next three days, hearing of Hines here and of Hines there, but never feeling sure that I was really on his track, so when the third night came, I found myself about three miles from L——, but close to the house of an acquaintance—said acquaintance being a friendly Indian, who had taken to himself a white woman for a wife. The old fellow was "much" glad to see me, and had many an adventure to relate, and it was almost midnight before I remembered how weary I was. The room where I was to sleep opened directly off from the outer one, with no means of exit save through the apartment where we had spent the evening late that day, too late to start off in pursuit. I had heard of Hines many miles to the southward, and resolved to start in that direction early in the morning.

Well, I started for bed, unbuckling my belt and throwing my pistols into the corner of the room. A very foolish and for me unprecedentedly careless act. Once in my room I threw off my coat and vest and boots, and then seating myself on the edge of the bed was conscious of a strange disinclination to retire. It was nigh upon midnight, I could hear my host jabbering with his wife in his broken English, and was idly speculating on the probable results of my to-morrow's task, when suddenly the tramp of horses feet fell upon my ear. My heart stopped only to beat more tumultuously the next instant.

"Halt!" I heard without. The next moment there came a heavy knock upon the door.

There was an ejaculation of alarm in the next room. Instantly the knock was repeated, and without further parley the door was pushed open. By a strange and fortunate providence the door leading to my room was ajar, yet the glimpse which I caught of the first intruder was unnecessary. The voice told me that it was Hines. Hines with a coil of rope upon his arm, and followed by three as desperate looking characters as himself. The dread significance of that bempen coil struck home, for the guttural tone of Hines questioned—

"Hey, Sachem, seen anything of Sheriff —— in these parts?"

"Yas, seen um go by—north so.

"Did, eh! when?'

"Spoke um bout sun down. Headin so—north."

"May be so."

"Ugh! want um?"

"Yes, for a few moments," and I heard the rope rattle upon the floor.

I gave myself up for lost. I knew by the tones of Hines voice that he was aware of my being about the premises.

"Dry! have um drink?' said my host, wishing to gain time, no doubt.

"What have you got Sachem?"

"Come, smell um—taste um," and I heard the ponderous fellow jarring across to the little pantry in the farther corner of the room. There was a general move in that direction, but trust a woman's wit for a cunning dodge. In her officious haste to aid them she overthrew the candle and extinguished it. She cried out something about her carelessness, and the old fellow belabored her in excited Indian and in broken English, and there was a confused clatter of upsetting dishes, and stumbling and calling out for a light. At that instant I heard suppressed breathing close to me. My hair rose on end. My time had come. Some one of the ruffians had seized this moment to put an end to my life. I had no weapon wherewith to strike out in the darkness. The only thing within the room wherewith I could hope to defend myself was the heavy square-bottom brass candle-stick, but that was no mean weapon in the hands of a desperate man. I reversed its natural position and grasped it with nerves of steel. All this passed in a quarter of the time which it takes to read it. The breathing was close to me, and I could detect a stealthy step. I drew back my arm for the deadly blow. One instant later it would have crushed the skull of the intruder, but—"Hist!" said a woman's voice—that of the Indian's wife as her hand touched my face. "They know that you are here; they are going to hang you; come now for one trial for your life."

She was a tall, spare woman. You know that I am small. They had left the outer door ajar. They had relighted their candle, and it was dimly burning. She strode boldly from the door of my room toward the outer one—her form between the ruffians and myself. She had thrust into my hand a carving-knife.

My exit would have been safely made, but, unfortunately, the outer door gave out a hideous squeak. Hines caught a glimpse of my form. I made a dash for their horses. I was astride of the fence opposite the house sawing off the rein by which a beast was fastened, when the door was thrown wide open, and Hines flashed the light upon me while in the very act of loosing the horse. With a roar like a wild beast he led the pack out. It was useless to run. My figure would be clearly defined against the sky. I threw myself from the fence into the tall prairie grass almost beneath the very horses feet. It was my only chance, and it succeeded better than I had hoped. They mounted, part of them leaping the fence, the rest scouring along the highway. Thus they literally rode over me.

The moment that they were disappearing along the curve in the direction which I wished to go, I rose to my feet and ran on after them. They soon concluded that they were off the scent and called out to return. Again I threw myself down amid the tall grass and they rode past me, while I, springing up, ran with all possible speed towards L——.

I soon heard them returning, swearing and roaring, when I again threw myself down. This scene was enacted some five or six times until they had come as near the city as they dared, when they went off swearing vengeance.

I immediately aroused the proper authorities, and a posse of them sallied forth with such signal success that before sunset of the following day Hines was captured and one of his confederates shot, while the other two made their escape.

"Well, major, said High Sheriff Wade, coming into my quarters, "can I borrow your services to-night?"

"For a fresh expedition?"

"Oh no, I only want you up at the prison as guard. I have got to go out about twenty miles on urgent business, and I thought that I should feel safer with you for guard. L—— is much excited over the capture of Hines. I expect to be back by midnight, unless something unexpected occurs."

"All right," I answered, "I will report at head-quarters directly."

I was down at the prison in about an hour, and Wade rode off.

I spent the earlier part of the evening pacing to and fro in the jailor's room. He was off duty with some sort of fever—but it grew cold as the night wore on, and I retreated into the jail proper. Directly off from this room was the cell where the renegade was confined. I more than once turned my glance in that direction, and thought what if he knew who was guarding him and should try to affect his escape.

I had just drawn out my watch. It was midnight. Would Wade return before morning? As if in direct response to my thought, there came a tap at the door.

"Who's there?" I challenged.

"Wade," was responded, in what I could have sworn was the Sheriff's own voice.

I unhesitatingly opened the door. I saw nor heard but little more. I was instantly thrown down, a heavy blanket pressed upon my face, while a powerful man, judging by the weight, sat down astride my chest, and in an instant had hand-cuffed me. I had no time for resistance, no time to plan anything, because it had transpired with such rapidity. My first and instantaneous impression was, that his mates were bent upon the rescue of Hines, and resistance would not only be worse than useless, but result in my own death. I could hear nothing distinctly by reason of the heavy blanket about my ears, but was much mystified by a continual tapping against my head. The heavy man sat upon my breast probably not more than twenty minutes, although it seemed much longer to me, with the danger of being suffocated by the closeness with which the blanket was held; then there was a cessation of the slight jar which I had felt, and the weight sprang off my breast. Meanwhile the strange rapping upon my head had ceased. I was not long in tossing off the suffocating covering over my face, and sprang to my feet. What a sight met my gaze. Hines was hanging by the neck from a staple overhead. His feet were only about three inches from the floor, in such a position that left me no doubt but that it was them which rapped my head during his death struggles.

"What next, major?"

"I immediately went out and aroused the proper authorities, and requested them to remove my bracelets."

"Who were the executioners? The Sheriff's men?"

"Not at all; but friends of the parties murdered, no doubt, who feared that justice would be intimidated, and took rigorous means to prevent it."

"And the authorities credited your version of the story.

"Yes, and no doubt were relieved to have the responsibility taken off their hands;" adding with that horrible humor, begotten by continual familiarity with such revolting scenes as were constantly occurring in the border states, "their meat was well and safely cured, and all they had to do was to cut it down."

A continuous and rapid puffing of the meerschaum told that the narrative was ended.

Mind Your Own Business.

"During my long commercial experience," says Girard, "I have noticed that no advantage results from telling one's business to others except to create jealousy or competition when we are fortunate, and to gratify our enemies when otherwise." He was never known to disregard this theory in all his protracted career as one of the greatest and most successful of merchants.

Hon. Peter C. Brooks, of Boston, who left one of the largest fortunes ever amassed in this country, on being asked what rule he would recommend to a young man as most likely to secure success, answered: "Let him mind his own business; and to a similar inquiry, it has been said that Robert Lenox, of New York, well remembered as one of the most distinguished merchants ever known in that great city, once answered: "Let him be beforehand with his business." One answer seemed to include the other, as no man can be beforehand with his business unless he minds it.

About Cats.

A writer collates the proverbs, superstitions and curious facts about cats. This extract may save some mother's worry:

A common superstition charges cats with sucking the breath of infants, thereby causing their death by strangulation. This is a false accusation, as pussy's mouth is so formed anatomically that she would not be able to do so sanguinary a deed did she wish it. Instances are on record where cats have crawled into a cradle or a bed, and lain down on an infant's face, not probably with any criminal intent—though children have been found dead under such circumstances—but purely for the sake of the warmth of the infant's body and clothing.

MY WILD ROSE.

I.

I walked in the joyous morning,
The morning of June and life,
Ere the birds had ceased to warble
Their sweetest of love and strife.

I walked alone in the morning,
And who so glad as I
When I saw the pale wild roses
Hang from the branch on high?

But the day was all before me,
The tumult of youth's delight—
Why bear a burden of roses
Before the calm of the night?

So I kissed the roses, and lightly
I breathed of their breath divine.
"It is time when I come back," I said,
"To make the sweet roses mine."

II.

I returned in the joyless evening,
I yearned with passion then;
For the pale and peerless roses
I never should see again.

For another had taken delight
In color and perfume rare,
And another hand had gathered
My roses beyond compare.

I may wander east, may wander west,
Wherever the sun doth shine;
I never shall find the wild roses—
The roses I thought were mine.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Now it is a positive fact, and one often spoken of by Mary Barber afterwards, that with the relating of the dream to her master in the morning, it had gone out of her memory. What with the bustle of the day altogether, Mary Barber's mind had been fully occupied, and she had not once remembered the dream. Never at all. As she crossed the stile into Harebell Lane, some night bird flew, with a cry, across the trees higher up, its wings making a great rush and whirr.

"That's a owl," thought Mary Barber, turning her face full towards the sound. "I hate them owls."

All at once, in that moment, as she stood gazing up the lane, the dream came flashing into her memory. Just as it had been in the dream, so it was now in reality—Mr. Owen was missing and being looked after. Only, in the dream there had been a good many of them looking, and here it was but herself. So intensely did the fact—nay, the fear—come home to Mary Barber, that her arms dropped by her side as if a weight had pulled them.

With a feeling of certainty, that no persuasion could have shaken,—with a dread fear that seemed to catch her heart and hold it,—with a shivering sensation that perhaps she had never in her life, save once, experienced, the conviction crossed her that it was in that upward direction she ought to search, not the other. And Mary Barber had all but started up the lane at the top of her speed.

But, even with the most superstitious and fanciful, common sense must, and does, in a degree exert its sway. It told Mary Barber that there would be no *reason* in looking for her master in the opposite direction to that he had been bound upon. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, likely to have taken him up Harebell Lane, especially when he had been going the other way. But, had she started as impulse led her, it would have been the very exemplification of her dream—when she and others had been flying along the lane; for what particular point she knew not, only that it was in the direction of the Trailing Indian.

"It's very odd," she said to herself with a sigh, as she turned about the other way—and her heart felt like a lump of lead. "How was it I forgot the dream all day long?—and why should it ha' come rushing over me as I looked up the lane at the cry of that bird? Was it the sight o' the lane brought it back, I wonder? But what's odder than all the rest, is the fact that master should be missing as he was in the dream; and that I should ha' come out after him."

Very quickly she went on now; not exactly with a run, but at a sharp walking trot that was faster. Under the park wall of Beechhurst Dene went she, turning off opposite its front gates, down the smooth road of Dene Hollow, so cold and white in the frosty moonlight. A few minutes brought her to the bailiff's lodge, Geoffry Clanwaring's humble residence now.

That Mr. Owen was not lingering there, appeared pretty evident; the house was closely shut up, its upper curtains drawn. By dint of knocking for a few minutes, Mary Barber succeeded in arousing Geoffry Clanwaring. He opened his chamber window, and looked out.

"Is the master here, sir?" asked Mary, standing back against the shrubs to look up.

"What's it you, Mary Barber?" he exclaimed. "Your master? No, he is not here. Why did you think he was?"

"Didn't he come here, sir, with you and Miss Maria?"

"No. He came with us as far as the new road; and then turned back. He said he was going to look at a sick cow: Lightfoot, I think he called it."

Maria's head appeared beside her husband's shoulder. A thought had struck her.

"Is mamma taken ill, Mary?"

"Not she," replied Mary. "Why should you think that, Miss Maria?" For Mary rarely gave the young lady her new matronly title; the other was more familiar.

"Then why should you have come after papa. What is it that's the matter?"

"There's nothing the matter, except that he has not come home."

"Oh, is that all," returned Maria, carelessly: and neither she nor her husband appeared to have an idea that it was so late. Suddenly aroused from sleep, they were naturally confused. "Then why need you have come?" repeated Mrs. Clanwaring.

Mary Barber possessed a large share of prudent reticence. It occurred to her that she need not further alarm this young girl—who was not altogether in strong health—by saying all she feared. "We got a wondering where the master could be stopping, Miss Maria—and your mamma wanted to go to bed," she said. "That's why I come."

"Well, I hope you have liked your walk—and you've given me a fright besides. Good-night, Mary; I wish you a pleasant ramble back again."

"Mr. Owen is sure to have been with Lightfoot," added Geoffry. "You will find him at home when you get back. Good-night."

He closed the window; and Mary Barber turned slowly away, the weight at her heart ten times greater. Had Lightfoot been dead or dying, he would not have stayed with the animal all that while. An awful prevision lay on Mary Barber—that he was dead. He, her master.

It had been calm and still as she went down, but now a breeze had arisen; stirring gently the branches of the trees, passing through them with a slight moan. The shadows played on the white road up Dene Hollow; Mary Barber thought of that other shadow that her mother professed to have seen, and shivered a little as she passed the spot. What with the remembrances attaching to the road, and this present midnight dread, things looked to her a little ghastly.

A quick, firm step on the upper path. Mary Barber heard it, and her heart leaped with hope. But it proved not to be her master. It was Mr. Friar. They met at the corner opposite Sir Dene's lodge. The surgeon looked thunderstruck at seeing her.

"Why, Mary Barber! What brings you abroad here at this hour?"

A brief, mutual explanation ensued. Mr. Friar was on his way from the Trailing Indian, to which inn he had been summoned in desperate haste some few hours before.

"What on earth for?" demanded Mary Barber. "Who's ill?"

He told her who—at least, as well as his knowledge of facts allowed him. That afternoon a comely young woman, footsore and tired with walking, made her unexpected appearance at the inn door, in search of Mr. Michael Geach, whose wife she announced herself to be. Geach went into a towering passion, abused her for coming after him, and ordered her away again. She refused to go; and a general quarrel ensued. What with the fatigue, and the excitement of the quarrel upon it, the young woman was taken ill. Her symptoms grew serious; Mr. Friar was sent for, and arrived in time to usher an infant into the world.

"Well, I'm sure!" cried Mary Barber, when she had listened to the story. "Geach?—Geach? I've heard that name afore now."

"He is an acquaintance of Black's," said Mr. Friar. "Some loose fellow, who appears by fits and starts at the Trailing Indian."

"Is the young woman his wife?"

Mr. Friar gave his mouth a twist, clearly distinguishable in the moonlight. "If required to produce her marriage 'lines,' I fancy she might have some difficulty in doing it," said he. "Black nursed virtuous over it, I hear; he is annoyed that she should be laid up there. She is very ill, poor thing."

"Did you see my master at the Trailing Indian?" resumed Mary Barber. "Or in the lane as you came along it?"

"No. I should hardly be likely to see him at the Trailing Indian. As to the lane, it seemed more lonely than ever to-night, as if not a soul had been in it for ages."

He was making a movement to pass on, naturally wanting to get home to rest. Mary Barber put her hand on his arm and detained him.

"James Friar"—she had called him so before in solemn moments; and this seemed to be one of the most solemn she had ever passed—"there's a feeling upon me that some great ill has happened to the master. I think he is dead."

"Dead! Mr. Owen?"

With the moon shining right upon her face, Mary Barber disclosed her reason for saying this, and related her dream, regardless of the wondering stare that Mr. Friar fixed upon her. As she went on, speaking very earnestly, the incredulous surprise on his countenance gave place to a kind of concerned perplexity. Perhaps he was somewhat superstitious himself.

"*That's* why I asked you, James Friar, whether you had seen him up there. Because in the dream he seemed to know it was the right place to search for him in—somewhere toward the Trailing Indian."

"I've neither seen sign of him, nor heard news of him," was the answer. "If Geoffry Clanwaring tells you he was going to see the sick cow, no doubt that's where he went to."

"But he'd not stay in the cow's shed all this while."

"You don't know. Possibly, he found the animal worse, and may have gone after Cole the farrier. It's not unlikely, Mary."

This idea had not struck Mary Barber. It was certainly possible.

"Yes, yes!" said the surgeon hastily. "For goodness sake don't let your mind run on those other dismal thoughts. "You'll find him all right when you get home."

She slowly shook her head, in spite of the faint hope that arose within her; and they parted. "I might think it," she said, "but for my dream. 'Twas a morning dream; and them morning dreams come true."

CHAPTER XII.

AT THE TRAILING INDIAN.

"Is he come home?" was Mary Barber's first question, as she burst into the farm. And Mrs. Owen caught hold of her as if it were pleasant to find herself again in companionship. The past hour had been worse than solitary.

Robert Owen had not come home. There were no tidings of him within, any more than without. Mary Barber mentioned the suggestion offered by Mr. Friar.

"There's nothing in it, missis, as I believe," she said. "But I'll rouse up Parkes, and make him go with me to the shed. If we see nothing o' the master, we'll come back down the hill to Cole's."

After a considerable amount of shaking and thumping, Parkes, a thick-headed rustic of twenty, was aroused, and he and Mary Barber started off across the fields. The night was so light that they could distinguish every feature of the way clearly; almost every blade of the sprouting grass.

"I see the master to-night a-going on to the shed," suddenly cried Parkes; who had a round crop of red hair, and kept a few steps behind Mary Barber.

She turned her face and her tongue short upon him. "You see the master going on to the shed!" she repeated in a tone of dispute. "What do you mean by that Parkes?"

"So I did," said Parkes. And he proceeded to explain how it had happened. Parkes had spent the afternoon at his mother's—who lived two or three miles away, on the high road that crossed the upper end of the lane near the Trailing Indian—and came back later than he ought to have come. Jumping over the stile opposite the inn, he crossed the first field to the two-acre meadow. There he suddenly saw his master come round the narrow path between the fence and the grove, just above Harebell Pond. Not caring to be seen—for the rule was that he should be at home earlier—Parkes sheltered himself under the hedge, saw the master strike across the field towards the cow-shed, and then made onwards as fast as his legs would carry him.

"What time was this?" questioned Mary Barber, when she had heard the confession.

"Blest if I can tell a'zactly," replied the young man. "I know 'twere a sight a'ter ten."

Therefore it appeared certain, from this testimony, that Mr. Owen, after parting with Geoffry Clanwaring and Maria, had gone straight on to the cow-shed, through his fields. "But you must have been a fool not to show yourself and bear him company as you were there, Parkes," cried Mary Barber, who liked nothing better in life than keeping the youth in order.

They passed round the narrow path, so often mentioned, between the grove and the fence—Mr. Parkes taking a temporary recreation by catching up a clod of earth and dropping it over into Harebell Pond. It was the nearest way into the two-acre meadow, cutting off the width of a wide field.

The shed was there, and the cow was there, all right and comfortable; but Robert Owen was not. No sign, even, was seen to tell that he had been; but of course it was not to be expected.

"Let's go and have just a look at the Trailing Indian," cried Mary Barber.

Parkes tramped off after her, over the stile, and across the field to the other stile, opposite the Trailing Indian. All still and quiet lay the house in the moonbeams; closely shut up; there was not so much as a light visible to indicate the chamber of the sick woman told of by Mr. Friar.

"We'll take the way o' the lane back," said Mary Barber, "and go on straight to Cole's."

It was just possible her master might have fallen somewhere, she thought, might be lying still, and so escape the eyes of Mr. Friar, who said the lane was empty. *She* kept hers wide open, looking well to the banks on either side; and looking fruitlessly. Parkes flung another clod into the pond as he passed it, bestirring its green and slimy waters. It took more time to knock up the farrier than it had Geoffry Clanwaring. But the man had not seen Mr. Owen.

A more miserable morn than that dawning on Harebell Farm could not well be imagined. Do what she would, bring any confuting argument to bear against the impression, any amount of sober reasoning, Mary Barber was unable to divest herself of the conviction that some untoward fate had overtaken her master, or of the notion that the Trailing Indian and its inmates had something to do with his disappearance. She started off for the inn as early as she thought it would be safe, her footsteps brushing the dew from the grass. The side door of the house was open; she entered without knocking and penetrated to the kitchen. The kettle was singing away on the sway over the fire; and Mrs. Black kneeling down before the hearth, was raking the dust from the cinders into the purgatory. A tea-pot and caddy stood on the table.

"Where's my master?" sharply demanded Mary Barber.

Mrs. Black started up as though she had been shot. By the white hue her face changed to, certainly telling of terror, Mary thought the woman must be taking her for an apparition. There was a minute's silence.

"Who did you ask for, please?" then questioned Mrs. Black in her close, meek way.

"I asked for my master: Mr. Owen, of Harebell Farm. That's what I've come for.'

"But I don't know anything of him," returned the woman, after a pause, and in what appeared to be very genuine surprise. "He is not here."

"Didn't he come here last night—say at half-after ten, or so?" pursued Mary Barber, hazarding the question.

"Not that I saw; not that I know of. I think the house was shut up afore that."

"He went to the two-acre meadow about that time, to see a sick cow. We be a thinking that he might ha' come on here: perhaps for something or other that he wanted."

The landlady gave her head a shake, as if hardly understanding. "I'll ask the hostler, if you like," she said. "I wasn't about here last night, myself: we've got a sick woman up-stairs."

"I feel as sure in my heart that the master come on here as though I'd seen him come, Mrs. Black."

"Well, he might, in course," admitted Mrs. Black, after a pause given to the consideration of the matter. "I can't say: but Joe'll be here in a minute or two."

Mary Barber sat down without being asked. Mrs. Black finished her cinder job, and pushed the fender into its place.

"Where's Black?" was Mary Barber's next curt question.

"He's not up yet," replied the landlady. "As for me, I've not been to bed."

Mary understood the reason—that she had sat up with the sick woman.

"I heard on't," she said. "How is the person?"

"Well, she's bad enough."

A short silence ensued. Mary Barber seemed impatient: the landlady stood waiting for the kettle to boil, and took occasional glances at her morning visitor.

"But I don't understand why it is you've come asking about this," she suddenly observed, the point striking her. "Did Mr. Owen get home tipsy last night?"

"*He* get home tipsy!" was the indignant rejoinder. 'That was never a failing of his. I wish he had though, tipsy or not tipsy. He never come home at all."

Mrs. Black lifted her eyes in surprise.

"Since the time when he went to that there cow-shed last night, he has never been seen nor heard of. My belief is, that he has been made away with."

The woman was in the act of putting a spoonful of tea into the teapot, as Mary Barber said this. The words seemed to strike her with a shock. Her hands shook so that she spilled the tea; her face again turned ghastly.

"Why, what do you mean?" escaped her trembling lips.

"What I say," sturdily replied Mary Barber. "We have been abroad all night looking for the master, and he's not to be found above ground. I fear he has been murdered."

"Mercy upon us!" cried the woman, aghast."

It was evident that if the Trailing Indian (according to Mary Barber's theory) knew anything of Robert Owen's disappearance, its mistress did not. Gathering up the bits of tea from the table and putting them into the pot with her trembling fingers, she was in the act of lifting the boiling kettle off the sway, when the hostler appeared, carrying in two buckets of water from the well.

"This good lady's come round to know if Mr. Owen at the farm called in here last night," she meekly said, speaking in a sort of hurry.

And the man gazed out at her with some questioning surprise in his eyes—perhaps at her white lips.

"Owen o' the farm don't never come here," he briefly replied.

"I think he must ha' come last night," interposed Mary Barber, rising to address the hostler. "We've not heard nor seen him since; he never come home."

"He never come here," said the man, stooping to pour the water from one of the buckets into a sort of portable cistern that stood away near a sink. "What time was't?"

"Nigh upon half-after ten. Maybe quite that."

"And we was shut up afore ten struck."

"That you warn't," retorted Mary Barber. "Dr. Friar never went away till one o'clock i' the morning."

"The house was shut up afore ten; that I'll swear to," asserted the man. "When Dr. Friar was ready to leave, I unlocked this here side door, and let him out myself."

"I told the good lady I thought so—that we was shut up early," spoke the hostess, who had kept her back turned, doing something at the fire.

"We had no callers o' no sort i' the place last night," resumed the hostler, taking up the other bucket. "As to Owen at Marebell Farm, he warn't in the habit o' coming at all. If he'd been here last night, I should ha' seen him."

"Be you sure o' that?" asked Mary Barber.

"I be. I'll take my oath he was not anigh the place."

Mary Barber paused.

"Was Black abroad last night?"

"No," replied the hostler, "he never went out at all. He was abed afore we shut up."

Apparently there was nothing to stay for. Mary Barber said good-morning, and went away, feeling that her errand had been a useless one.

Before the sun was high in the heavens, the news had spread far and wide: Robert Owen of Harebell Farm had mysteriously disappeared. Hurst Leet put itself into commotion. The mere fact of his disappearance might not have excited a tenth part of the interest, but for the persistent assertion of Mary Barber, that he had been, in some way, "made away with."

The testimony of Parkes, as to having seen his master on the previous night was confirmed, at least in a negative degree, by two individuals. Joan said that when Parkes got in "late and all out o' breath," he told her he had nearly been "dropped upon" by the master in the two-acre meadow. The other one was Gander, Sir Dene's butler. Gander, returning home soon after ten, overtook Mr. Owen at the entrance to Harebell Lane, gave him the good-night, and saw him turn in to his own gate. Therefore, no doubt whatever could rest on any mind that the farmer had proceeded, as was assumed, direct to the shed, on quitting his daughter and her husband. The question now was, what had become of him afterwards.

Harebell Farm that day, was like a fair. So many sympathising friends and neighbors were flocking up to it. George Arde, who had come over from Worcester on other matters, found it in this commotion. Geoffry Clanwaring was there; also old Squire Arde. Mary Barber got these three to herself in the best parlor, and there related her dream. The once keen eyes of Squire Arde, watery now, twinkled with merriment as he listened: to use Mary's words when commenting on it later, he "stared and grinned in her face."

"Mary, woman, I'd not set myself up for a laughing-stock, if I was in your place; the parish might be taking me for a nat'ral. Dreams, indeed!"

But in spite of the old man's ridicule, Mary Barber never wavered an iota in her asserted belief. Her master was *dead*, she said: she knew it by her dream. Dead, or else in some sore stress of plight that would prevent his ever coming back again: she was certain he had seen his home for the last time.

Though not given to be superstitious, her steady assertion in its persistent earnestness made an impression upon the two listeners who may be said to have held the largest interest in the matter, as they were Mr. Owen's sons-in-law: George Arde and Geoffry Clanwaring. They grew to think that he really might be dead. And then they asked themselves and each other, how—if this were so—his death had been accomplished. By accident, or by assault from without?

"See here," said Squire Arde, looking up from the chair where he sat—"a most as many accidents happen on a moonlight night as a dark un. People's eyes get deceived by the shadows. I should have the ponds dragged."

"What ponds, sir?" asked George.

"Eh? What ponds? Why, any pond that lay in his way. There's the one by the fold-yard here; the duck-pond; and there's the pond in the lane. Have 'em emptied—or dragged."

"Should you think he could have fallen in, sir?" returned George Arde, in what he would have made a tone of mocking incredulity but that he was speaking to the squire.

"I think he might have walked in," was the answer. "Yes, you young men, with your young eyes, may stare to hear me say it; but if you live to Robert Owen's age, may find 'em cheat you. Did ye ever hear o' one Squire Honeythorn, as lived at Beechhurst Dene?" he quaintly asked.

And they smiled at the question.

"Well, one night, moonlight it was too, Honeythorn, in walking home down Harebell Lane, walked right into the pond. He hadn't had a single sup o' drink; don't you two go a thinking that; but he was getting in years and the shadows deceived his sight. I know a lady, too, as walked right into Birmingham canal, and thought it was part o' the towing-path. Hardly saved, she was, either; some boatmen heard her cries as she was sinking. It might ha' gone hard with Honeythorn, only a man on horseback happened to ride down the lane at the time. And that was me."

"If Mr. Owen walked into a pond, it must be the duck-pond here," said George Arde. "He did not go into Harebell Lane."

"How do you know he didn't go?" retorted the squire.

"We don't *know*, sir, any of us; but we may judge by probabilities."

"I'd recommend you not to speak so positively, young man. 'Probabilities' have let in older folks than you afore now."

"Well, sir, do you see any likelihood, yourself, of his having gone into the lane?"

"No, I don't," candidly spoke Squire Arde. "I only say he might ha' gone. But there: let Harebell pond be. Try mine as."

"I do not fear the ponds" interposed Geoffry Clanwaring, who had been in a deep revery. "Knowing the ground as Mr. Owen knew it, a bright night besides, it seems next door to an impossibility that any harm of that sort should come to him."

"Master nd no more walk into a pond, whether by daylight or by moonlight, than I should walk into the middle o' that fire!" cried Mary Barber, with a fling of her hand towards the grate. "Squire Arde, it's not *there* we must look for him."

"Where then?" asked the squire, noting the significance of the tone.

"I think—I think," she slowly rejoined, as if not quite sure, herself—"that it's up at Trailing Indian. There has been a deal of ill-feeling on Black's part to the master ever since we came to this farm:—and I say that if harm has been done to him, it's by the people *there*."

That Black had accused Robert Owen of spying upon him, they were all aware. The neighborhood knew so much as that. Also that Mr. Owen had emphatically denied any intentional spying on his own part. He had not looked out for the ill-doings of the Trailing Indian: when they, or a suspicion of them, had come under his notice incidentally, he had not shut his eyes, but kept them open. Toast was all.

Squire Arde administered a reproof.—"Mary Barber, there might ha' been ill-feeling on Randy Black's part to your master; it's like enough. But you shouldn't go and say the man has murdered him."

"I didn't say it, Squire. I didn't go as far in speech, whatever I might ha' done in thought. Truth is, I don't know what to think," she continued, after a pause, "my brain's all in a muddle over it. If no harm has come to the master, where is he? I should like to ask Black whether he's alive or dead. When I was up at the Trailing Indian this morning, I couldn't get to see him."

Every little item connected with the past night bore its own individual interest. Geoffry Clanwaring mentioned that as he and his wife were walking home, Mr. Owen told them he had seen two suspicious-looking men stealing up Harebell Lane on the Saturday night, no doubt on their way to the Trailing Indian. Geoffry could have added, had George Arde not been present, that Mr. Owen changed the subject to speak of his daughter Mary—saying he did not think she would be long in this world.

"'Twould do no harm if some on us went up and had a talk with Black," said Squire Arde. "There has been a sight of trampers and such-like ill-looking folk about lately. If any of 'em set upon Farmer Owen last night in the two-acre meadow, sounds of it might ha' been heard at the Trailing Indian. They've got a habit, them tramps, of creeping into sheds to sleep; may be, Owen found some in his. Let's go."

Nothing loth were the two young men to accompany him to the inn, and they took their hats at once. In the fold-yard stood Gander. Geoffry Clanwaring stopped to accost him.

"You saw Mr. Owen last night, I hear, Gander."

"Yes, sir; I overtook him i' the lane yonder, as he was turning in at the gate here."

"What passed?"

"Nothing to speak of," was Gander's answer. "I said 'Good-night,' sir,' to him; 'Good-night, butler,' he answered back again. That was all, Mr. Geoffry."

"You did not hear anything of him afterwards?" Geoffry stayed to ask.

"No, sir; nothing."

"Or see any strange men about?"

"Not a soul, sir."

Black stood in his yard, rubbing up the metal of some harness, when they reached the inn. It may as well be mentioned what was gathered, partly by the man's own admissions, partly by the corroboration of others, of the doings on the Sunday at the Trailing Indian.

In the course of the morning, while people were in church, the man named Robson took his departure, he and Geach having lodged there on the Saturday night. Dinner was served at two o'clock; Black and Geach sitting down to it, Mrs. Black waiting on them. The meal was just finished, when a young woman arrived, a foot-traveller, who asked for Michael Geach and announced herself as his wife. Geach, astounded at the sight, met her with abuse and passion; while Black, who had not before known there was a Mrs. Geach, abused Geach for letting her come; or, rather, for letting it be known, by her or anybody else, that he might be found at the Trailing Indian. Both the men had partaken plentifully of strong ale at dinner; it tended to inflame their tempers, and they quarrelled with each other. Quarrelling is thirsty work; it makes the throat dry; and the men found it so. They quitted the ale for spirits, and soon got into a state of intoxication. The hostler, in describing it, said they were only "half gone;" that is, they were not totally unable to talk or walk. During this time, Mrs. Geach fell ill, and was unable to depart, as ordered. What with that fresh annoyance, with the quarrel and the drink, Geach's fury reached its climax. He betook himself off in his passion, mounted a public conveyance that happened to be passing along the highway, and left Mrs. Geach to her fate and the hospitality of the Trailing Indian. That was about five o'clock. Black, after swearing a little at things in general, sat down in the settle before the fire in what was called the parlor, and fell into a heavy sleep. He said that he never awoke from the sleep until Joe, the hostler, was shutting up the inn for the night, just before ten; and then he went straight up to bed. The hostler said this also; Mrs. Black said it. Before this, the sick woman grew so ill that Mrs. Black became alarmed, and about eight o'clock despatched the hostler for Mr. Friar.

All agreed in these two important points—that Robert Owen had not been to the inn; or, so far as they saw, near it: and that none of the inmates of the inn had gone forth from it at all that evening, save the hostler on his errand. He, the hostler, returned with Mr. Priar, and did not quit it again. If this statement could be positively verified, it was quite certain that Black could have had nothing to do with the disappearance.

He nodded to the three gentlemen civilly enough when they entered the yard, but kept on rubbing his harness. Frightfully ill he looked, his complexion a kind of sallow whiteness, the effects probably of the intemperance. It was not often Black yielded to the failing; when he did, it was sure to pay him off the next day in a racking sick head-ache.

"Well, Black," began Squire Arde, "we've come up to have a word or two with you. Do you know anything of Mr. Owen?"

Black grew suddenly whiter; with an accession of sickness or of anger. He let the strap fall from his hand, and its buckle clicked against the stable door,

"What *I'd* like to know, sir, is, why I should be asked it. I'm free to put that question, I suppose," he added, his voice shaking with what seemed concentrated passion. "Here's been folks coming up every hour o' the day since morning light, asking me what I've done with Robert Owen. That woman o' their'n was here afore the house doors was undone. Why should I be bothered about Owen, more nor others?"

"For one thing, you are his nearest neighbor, Black," was the Squire's answer. "For another, the last seen or known of Owen was in the two-acre mead over there, within a stone's throw of you."

"There might be two hundred Owens over in that mead, and me never know it," contended Black.

"Mr. Owen was there—it has been ascertained—at about a quarter past ten last night, or from that to half-past," rather sternly interposed Geoffry Clanwaring. "He has not been seen since. Do you know anything of him Black?"

"No, I don't, sir," replied Black, speaking with tolerable civility to his landlord's son. "Long afore that time I was abed. Fact was, I got a drop too much inside me yesterday afternoon—and my head's fit to split, through it, to-day," he added, as if in apology for his sickly face. "I fell asleep in the parlor and never woke nor stirred till bed-time. Joe disturbed me, shutting-to the shutters, and I went straight up to bed."

"What time was that?"

"What time?" repeated Black. "Joe knows more sure nor I do," he added. "'Twasn't ten."

"It wanted ten minutes o' ten," interposed Joe, who was splashing away at the horse-trough close by, cleaning it out. "We don't often shut up till ten have struck; but there warn't no customers i' the house nor likely to come, and I thought I'd close. The master swore at me, saying it warn't time; he was cross at being' woke up."

"And you swore at him again, I suppose," remarked Squire Arde.

"No I didn't," replied the hostler, in his stolid way. "When a man's in his cups, he's best let alone. He didn't give no opportunity for't, neither: he stumped right off to bed."

"What strikes me's this, Black," said the Squire—who appeared to have quite forgotten the notion of any suspicion against Black. "There's a sight of ill-doing tramps about; always is after a hard winter; if any of 'em had crept into the cow-shed, and Owen found 'em there, he and they might have a row together."

"I've never knowed so many o' them tramps about as now," returned Black, hastily and eagerly. "Two had uns was at the door on Sunday morning, frightening my missis, and begging for bread. They'd got just the look o' cut-throats."

"Ay," nodded the Squire. "Who knows but them same two laid up somewhere about here till night, and set on Robert Owen? You might have heard the noise over here."

"I warn't likely to hear nothing," answered Black. "I fell asleep the minute after I got into bed: and when I'm in that stupid state my sleep's heavier nor a top."

At this juncture, Mr. Priar appeared at the side-door, having come down stairs from paying a visit to the sick woman. They remained a few minutes longer talking, Black steadily persisting in his denial of having heard or seen anything of Mr. Owen; and then they all turned to depart, including the doctor.

There's an old and good saying—Let well alone. Black did not allow it to govern him just then. Like many another zealous self-defender, he thought the more words he used, the better his cause might be served.

"I've not had a answer to my question, gentlefolk," he began, arresting them as they were going out. "What I'd like to know is, if there's any cause for *my* being singled out to be badgered about Owen—what's become of him, or what's not?"

Upon that, George Arde, who had been silent hitherto, contenting himself with looking and listening, turned to face the man, and told him of the bitter ill-feeling he was known to have cherished towards Mr. Owen. He spoke with open and rather stinging plainness, of the suspected private ways of the Trailing Indian; not particularizing their nature (perhaps he could not) but alluding to them in a general manner, as "ill-doings."

It put up Black's temper. He was under no obligation to Mr. George Arde, or to his relative, the Squire, at his side; and he retorted warmly.

Well, and he had had cause to feel bitter again Owen: though he had never molested him—nor thought o' doing it—nor never had done it. He had got his own proper feelings, he hoped, though he was but a inn-keeper, and the farmer ud never let him alone. Didn't Owen watch him continual?—warn't he a spy upon him?—didn't he talk about him at Hurst Leet? *No!* says the gentlemen afore him. *No?* One on 'em, at least, knew better nor that. Look at them lies about the hearse that had stopped to bait at his house that night in the winter. Farmer Owen had set it about that it come to take away a corpse, and had sent Dr. Priar up to accuse him on't. If—

Mr. Priar lifted his arresting hand to command silence. "Don't be so fast, Black. Who told you Mr. Owen sent me?"

"Why, you did," retorted Black—while the hostler stopped his splashing in the trough to listen. "Didn't you confess that the man stood o' purpose at that stile, over there, and watched the hearse away? You know you did, sir."

"I did not," said Mr. Priar. "I told you, Black, that the person was not watching purposely, but saw it incidentally in passing; I impressed this upon you as plainly as tongue can speak. And I most certainly never told you that the person was Mr. Owen."

"I knew *that* without you telling me, Dr. Priar. There warn't no need to mention names."

"But it was not Mr. Owen."

"Not Mr. Owen! It's all very well for you to try to make me believe that now, sir," added Black with a sneer.

"I tell you truth, Black: it was *not* Mr. Owen. The person who saw you was Jonathan Drew—lying disabled now, poor man. In riding past he saw the hearse at the open door here, and drew up Dobbin by the stile to watch what came of it."

"I can speak to its being Drew," interrupted Squire Arde, "for he gave me the history of it the next day from his bed. About the hearse he talked, and all what he had seen brought out o' the side door here, and shut into it. Don't give your betters the lie to their faces, Randy Black."

Randy Black did not speak. He looked from the curious old man to the doctor, silently asking whether this were really true. So at least Dr. Priar interpreted it.

"You need not doubt, Black," said the surgeon. "It was in galloping away from the sight, down Dene Hollow, that Drew's horse threw him—and I wondered often at the time that your own common sense did not show you it could have been no one but Drew; knowing, as you did, that he must have just rode past here. The first thing Drew did when I got him home that night was to tell me what he had seen. He concluded that it was your wife that was put into the hearse; so did I. And that's what brought me up on the following morning."

Black's lips parted to speak, and then closed again. In some way or other the narrative was evidently making some great impression on him.

"Drew was mistaken," he burst forth at length. "He never saw it; he couldn't ha' seen what was ne'er there to see. The hearse only stopped to bait; 'twas never opened."

"It is of no consequence now, one way or the other; the thing's past and done with," coolly rejoined Mr. Priar. "Only don't continue to fancy it was Mr. Owen: he saw no more of the matter than I did. As it happens, I am in a position to testify that Mr. Owen never went out of his house that night. I was up there you remember; and we were all in distress about the little child. Mr. George Arde, here, can bear out what I say." And George Arde nodded in confirmation.

"Ay, ay," wound up the Squire. "Don't you be fond o' taking up wrong notions, Black, and then sticking to 'em i' the teeth o' people."

They turned without further speech to quit the yard. Black drew a long breath as he looked after them. "You can finish the harness, Joe," he said to the hostler: and went indoors.

As they crossed the lane and the opposite stile, Mr. Priar spoke of what had come under his own cognizance the previous evening. It was past eight o'clock, he said, when the hostler, Joe, came to fetch him; they both went back together to the Trailing Indian, reaching it about nine. Black was fast asleep at the corner of the settle: and Joe remarked that his master was "sleeping off some drink." About a quarter before ten Mr. Priar went down stairs for something he wanted; Black was then still asleep in the same place and position, and Joe was sitting by the kitchen fire. After that, Mr. Priar did not see Black again. It was quite possible that the man might have gone up to bed before ten, as he asserted; Mr. Priar could not say one way or the other, for he was shut up with Mrs. Black in the sick woman's chamber. He did not think the hostler went out again: they had occasion to call two or three times for hot water and other things, and the man was always at hand to bring them up. When Mr. Priar came down to leave, an hour after midnight, the hostler was waiting up in the kitchen to let him out. Mr. Priar took half a glass of hot brandy and water before going out, which Joe mixed. He stood by the kitchen fire and talked to Joe while he drank it: and he remembered that the man incidentally mentioned that his master had gone to bed before ten.

All this tended to corroborate Black's own statement: it certainly did appear that he could not have harmed, or helped to harm, Robert Owen. In passing the shed, they turned into it; for curiosity's sake, more than in expectation of making any discovery. Lightfoot, recovering fast, was there, and turned her head to welcome them: but there was no sign that any struggle had taken place in it. In fact the undisturbed litter spoke to the contrary.

"Whatever happened, must have happened *after* he had paid his visit here, there's no doubt of it," remarked Geoffry Clanwaring, as they went out. "Parkes saw him make straight for the shed: had he been molested before reaching it, the man could not well fail to have heard the cries. The door was found fastened too, just as Mr. Owen would leave it. Now then—let us see. He would naturally go straight back home again, knowing Mrs. Owen was waiting up. That would be across here"—stretching out his hand to the two-acre meadow, which lay green and smooth before them as they walked—"round the narrow strip of path, and so across the fields home. It's a pity the sheep are on the other side the farm this year," he added: "had they been here the shepherd might have been about."

Crossing the stile over to the narrow pathway, they traversed it slowly. It was very narrow: not possible for two to walk on it abreast; the fence, a low one, lay on their right as they walked; their left shoulders brushed the trees. In length it might have been twenty yards; not more. In the middle of it Squire Arde stopped and looked over at the pond in the lane underneath.

"Ah," said he, "if Owen had been a going through the lane i'stead o' up here, I should say he had mistook his way amid them rushes, and walked into the pond."

"But don't you think, sir, even had such a thing happened, that he would have been able to get out of it again?" spoke Mr. Clanwaring.

"Like enough: some might and others mightn't," answered the old man. "What's this?"

He had his back against the fence now, glancing at the brushwood that grew amidst the tree-trunks immediately in front of where he stood. It appeared to be a little torn.

"One might a'most fancy that somebody has made a dash through it just here. What d'ye think?"

The three others, glancing to where the old man pointed, did not appear to think much about it. "Some animal, perhaps," one of them carelessly answered.

"I suppose we must give up all suspicion of Black," remarked Geoffry Clanwaring, as they went on over the open field. "The account he gives seems fair enough. Likely to be true."

"Ay: I don't doubt him in this, for my part," acquiesced the Squire.

"Neither do I," said Mr. Priar.

"I don't altogether doubt him; but I don't altogether trust him," dissented George Arde. "Look here: while you were talking to him, I was watching him: taking observations, as may be said. There was one thing I did not like—his enlarging on the state he was in yesterday. It is not considered a great crime to get drunk in these drinking-days; nevertheless, most men would rather hide the fact than gratuitously proclaim it. I wondered whether he had any motive for wishing us fully to believe that he *was* drunk. Another thing: he never while he spoke, looked one of us in the face throughout the whole interview."

Squire Arde, deep in his own thoughts, had not been listening. "Who didn't?" he sharply asked, waking up.

"Who, sir?" returned George Arde, slightly surprised. "I was speaking of Randy Black."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER VI.

IN PARADISE.

How it came to pass, John Carteret could scarcely tell. Yet it might have been expected—it was but natural, as he, upon sober consideration, afterwards admitted.

But he was not in a mood to consider soberly now. It was almost the last of the May days that had been slipping away so pleasantly, that had come in white-crowned, and were stealing into June with coronals of rosebuds, green and crimson-streaked.

The blue sweep of hyacinths had faded away. The sun had gathered all their brightness unto himself, and perhaps flung it over the skies, which were deepening into denser azure. The trees were in fuller leaf, and lacked little of their midsummer glory. The wild dove cooed among their branches, and the swallow was no stranger now.

Was it wonderful that the heart should beat at the sight and sounds of Summer? Was it wonderful that, in the midst of the garden, the man should find that something was wanting—that Paradise was not complete without an Eve?

And underneath the pines, the leaping waters clattered a silvery, sparkling symphony to the lovers' voices.

So soon! How had it come to pass that the wayward, uncurbed girl, so scantily educated, had won the heart of the calm, well-disciplined, accomplished scholar? Who can understand these things? Do they not shape themselves through some mysterious psychological law, that binds together on earth what shall be bound hereafter in heaven?—not all marriages, but all soul-unions, of which Klopstock's friend declares that there are not many formed on earth that shall be continued in the after-world.

Was Diana the Eve that should tread with him another Paradise? How could he tell yet—for the end was not nigh? Nay, it had not even entered into his thoughts. All was so fresh and wonderful at present, that there was no need for speculation. The present was but a dream—a vision of beauty.

Diana had found the answer to her question, though she knew it not. She had found that her soul had struggled into birth, that the hidden sense of immortality had sprung to light, and that a new world had opened out suddenly before her.

And how?

Through one form of the subtle influence that moves the universe; that through all nature breathes aloud to man; that is the voice calling from the mighty depths of Divinity, bringing the souls that hearken nearer to itself; that is, in its various phases, the one upheaver for good—the greatest revolutionary power—the most despotic, because the most perfect law-giver;—the one force that, from life to death, is the only mover for good of the human heart;—the fulfilling of the law that brings men nearer to God, for it is the manifestation of God Himself.

Yes, to the Infinite Love alone can man aspire, through knowledge of the finite. For love, in the abstract, ennobles and refines: whether it be the love of man to man, of parent to child, of brother to brother, or that mystic soul-love ordained in Eden between man and woman—since none can love aright without a purifying of the earthly nature.

And so Diana was learning. She had awakened through love, to perceive—though as yet but dimly—the higher life.

But she was only at the beginning. She had opened her eyes in the midst of the garden planted eastward, nigh to the rising of the sun; and the crimson light was falling all around her, and she was dazzled by its glory.

Ah! was not the present paradise—and paradise the golden future?

Suddenly, John Carteret awoke with a start. What had he done? Had he done wisely? Had he not been too hasty—even imprudent? And yet he did not repent.

"I am very poor, Diana. I have my own way to make in the world."

"Ah! never mind. You will soon be a clergyman now, and then you can have a rectory and a church, like Broadmead."

John Carteret shook his head.

"It will be long enough before I get a living, Di. I shall have to be a curate first, on eighty or a hundred pounds a year."

"It is very easy to be poor," said Diana, naively. "I should not mind it in the least. I don't really care for any of these things," and she pulled off her bracelets and tugged at her amber beads. "I only think they look pretty. Do you care about them?" and she looked anxiously at him.

He laughed.

"I don't think the bracelets had anything to do with it," he answered.

And yet Di would scarcely have been the same Di without them. They were characteristic, and so had done their duty.

"I have never thought of riches or poverty, or things of that sort," said Diana; "besides, gentlepeople are never really poor—like poor people."

A half-reproachful feeling shot across John Carteret.

Had he not been to blame? She was so young, so ignorant of the world; and he looked down at the upraised eyes that were full of faith in him, that depended hungrily on him for strength and knowledge.

No, he did not repent, though the world lay spread out only as a blank before him. Was there not room enough in it for him to find a place to stand in? Was there not work enough to be found—for him, and every true man who has a steady purpose in his soul?

The world is not half full yet; the world is not over-crowded; the world is not drained of its resources. The fault is in the man, and not in the world. Look to it, ye who study mankind, and know the successful and the unsuccessful ones.

So John Carteret fell to musing; and his musing brought to him a new spirit of strength. It was early morning, with the fresh, invigorating hope-breeze playing upon his brow. The noontide had not come; there had been no time for scorching and withering.

Diana also fell to musing; and her musing brought forth the decision to begin to play at poverty, that so through the shadow she might become acclimated, in anticipation, to the substance. And to this end she requested permission to move into the two rooms in the north wing.

She wanted no repairs done—simply for them to be cleaned out, and her own especial property moved up to them. Not any of the luxuries of her present room would she have touched; and it was luxuriously furnished, for Diana had a gorgeous Eastern taste, and rejoiced in comfort and glowing colors; and Jasper, who had looked upon her much in the light of a pet tigress, and had been amused with her willfulness and extravagant fancies, had indulged her whims to the utmost. He had alternately fretted and spoiled her; but had been too unstable and passionate himself ever to gain any great depth of her affection.

Mrs. Seaton had done very much the same, partly to humor her son, whom she idolized; and therefore, when Diana preferred her request for the two attics, she had been very much surprised, and endeavored to persuade her to give up her scheme.

But Diana persevered, and, as usual, gained her point. Moreover, she was even grateful also.

"I don't deserve all the kindness you have shown me," she said. "I have never thought enough about it, I am afraid."

At which unprecedented speech, Mrs. Seaton was more astonished than ever. But the climax came in the announcement of Diana's engagement; then Mrs. Seaton's amazement was indescribable.

"How came you to think of such things? Who put such an idea into your head?" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak.

"No one," replied Diana, naively. "It came to me."

And Diana began to play at poverty in her scantily furnished rooms, and found it very easy work. People did not want half the things they thought they required. She was just as well off without curtains, and soft carpets, and gilded furniture; and what could be more beautiful than the yellow sunshine, and the flowers, and the thoughts that were in her heart?

She had told Mrs. Seaton that the rooms seemed nearer to heaven; and truly, since she had established herself there, she had been living in paradise.

The storms had been fewer of late, for Diana had taken less notice of the manifold small vexations of life that had heretofore called forth her indignation. In fact, she had scarcely perceived them; for it is wonderful how blind happiness makes one to annoyances that would at other times sorely try the temper! Ah! it is very easy to be pleasant and amiable when one is very happy. All the world has felt it; and has been, at some time or other, tempted to subvert the copy written in childish days, in all the glory of fine up and firm down-strokes, and small-text hand: "To be good is to be happy." Yet that, doubtless, is true; nevertheless, one has found, even as a child, how naughty one was apt to be when everything was going wrong. And yet—for there are constant paradoxes to be found in life—the soul is often purer, calmer, and more contented in trial-time than in prosperity. But that does not enter into the question here.

"Is it not a paradise?" said Diana to Jasper Seaton, as he sat gazing upon her, as she flitted about the flowers, on her unprotected balcony.

"There must be a railing put up," he said, as she approached so near the edge that even he gave a slight shudder.

"Ah! yes—in the high winds my flower pots might be swept off," returned Diana.

"I was not thinking of them, but of you," he answered.

She laughed merrily.

"Oh, I have no fear! I almost feel like a winged being up here; and even if I chanced to overbalance, I believe that I should spread out my arms, and descend gently upon the soft turf below. I have sometimes thought of it."

"Have you finished with your flowers?" asked Jasper, a little impatiently.

"Almost. Why?"

"I want to speak to you—to say something seriously."

Diana sat down. She pushed back her hair, and looked earnestly at him.

"What is it?" she asked.

"What makes you so happy, Diana?"

The color flushed into her face, mounting higher and higher, and her lip began to curl angrily.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"No."

Then came a little pause, during which Diana's foot tapped restlessly on the floor.

"You are very young, Di."

"Eighteen next August," she returned, drawing herself up, and endeavoring to look dignified.

"Too young to know your own mind, Di."

"What do you mean?" she asked, starting up with flashing eyes.

"I am your guardian, Di; and I consider this engagement a very foolish affair. You must give it up, like a sensible girl."

Diana looked at him as though she were tempted to doubt his sanity.

"You are talking nonsense," she said, with very white lips, and a strong effort to control her passion.

"Sense, Di."

"I beg to differ," she replied. "I must judge for myself in this matter."

Her quietness surprised Jasper. Certainly, as his mother had said, a change had come over her.

"You had better think it over," he answered. "I am your guardian, and shall not give my consent."

"I shall not ask it," she said, scornfully; losing, in her indignation, the dignity that she had tried to assume.

"Mr. Carteret will, I suppose. I presume he is an honorable man, though his making love in this clandestine manner does not seem altogether in his favor."

"Clandestine! Honorable!" exclaimed Diana, fairly roused. "John Carteret is an angel. How dare you to speak of him so?—you, who are not to compare to him in goodness and in—"

"Don't go into a passion, Di," interrupted Jasper, calmly. "If Mr. Carteret is honorable, as you seem to believe, he may take my view of things when I have spoken to him, and laid the subject clearly before him. He has not a penny, I hear; and you—" here he hesitated slightly—"are penniless. It is ridiculous. At any rate, I have to act for your good. And if you persist in your folly, you will have to wait until you are of age; for, until then, you cannot marry without my consent."

And Jasper Seaton rose, and stalked out of the apartment. He had put the wedge in more abruptly, perhaps, than he had intended; however, it might be as well. And Diana, left to consider the conversation, began to pace up and down her paradise. Was it true? Would he really be able to influence John Carteret? Could he really prevent the marriage? He could not—he should not. She should be of age some time, and then—

But, somehow, a dark cloud seemed to gather round her, and the pent-up storm found relief in a fit of crying. It was half passion, and somehow she knew it—but it did her good. She was vexed and worried. She felt herself tied and bound, and that she had no power to struggle free—for she did not know what power a guardian might possess.

At last she left off sobbing. She closed her eyes, and tried to reason with herself, and to be calm.

Yes, she was quite sure John Carteret would not listen to Jasper. Why had she for a moment doubted him?

And the cloud cleared away, and a happy smile played upon her face. She wondered how she could have been so foolish as to go into a passion. And she began to feel sorry that she had spoken so sharply to Jasper; for, in spite of his shortcomings, he had been very kind to her. Then, as she sat thus dreaming, her eyelids closed closer and closer, until sleep came down and kissed them into rest; and through her dreams she dreamed of Eden, and when she awoke she was still in Paradise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Home is the hope of nations;
Home is the highest of stations,
The same, be it cottage or hall;
A man on his own home-hearth
Ranks well with the best of earth—
And I would that so stood all.

ANIMAL POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.—A European student of the habits and peculiarities of poisonous snakes has discovered that "all poisons have their specific antidotes in the gall of the animal or reptile in which these poisons exist." The bite of any poisonous snake can, we are assured, be cured by administering a few drops of a preparation of the gall of the *cobra*. The gall of the most deadly kind of snakes may be used in cases of bites of those less virulent. The gall is to be mixed with pure spirits of wine, or the best high wines.

☞ A young man with a moustache cannot obtain a position as school-teacher in Ionia county. The large girls are too susceptible.

☞ A couple at Danbury, Ct., having carefully considered the question for twenty-five years, have recently decided to get married.

☞ A gentleman in Yorkshire, who died some years ago, left the whole of his property to such of his descendants only as should reach the height of six feet four inches.

☞ The following coincidences in two languages strike us as being somewhat curious, though possibly they have struck students of German literature before:—"*Saga*" is the German for a *saga*, or traditional myth; "*sage*" is the German for saw, a carpenter's tool; and "*saw*," in English, has two meanings—*a tool*, and *an adage*, or traditional saying.

☞ "Mother!" exclaimed an affected young lady, just home from boarding-school; "mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" "Law, sakes!" replied the old lady, adjusting her spectacles; "kill it! kill it right off, for its the pesky thing that's been eatin' up the book marks!"

☞ A capital story used to be told of the late David Roberts. An art critic who was his personal friend published a sharp attack upon certain pictures of his just exhibited. "My dear Roberts," wrote the critic in a private letter, "you may have seen my remarks on your pictures. I hope they will make no difference in our friendship. Yours, etc., ——." "My dear ——," wrote the painter in reply, "the next time I meet you I shall pull your nose. I hope it will make no difference in our friendship.

"Yours, etc., D. ROBERTS."

☞ The New Orleans Picayune, of a recent date, says that Mrs. Shaw appeared before the Recorder to prosecute her husband for insult and abuse. "What have you to complain of?" inquired the magistrate. "My husband neglects me, sir. He leaves me at home, and when I complain of it, insults and abuses me." "Can you give me an instance of it?" "Yes. He went to the cock-fight on Sunday, and wouldn't let me go with him, and said if they fought here he would send for me."

☞ The following is from the will of a mariner of Bristol, England, proved 1793:—"My executors to pay, out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, *one shilling*, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy *hazel-nuts*, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is *with mending the holes in her stockings*."

☞ A friend of Mr. Emerson met him in the Yo-Semite Valley and said, "I hope you found no disappointment here." "No, no," said he, "it is the only thing that quite comes up to the brag."

☞ "Would you believe it, Sandy," said a divine, "that I never thought of the sermon before I went into the pulpit?" "Oh, that is exactly what Mr. Mackintosh and I have been saying while you were preaching."

☞ The latest dodge in the thieving line has just been developed. The operators prowl about the back yards of boarding-houses, in the still hours of the night, imitating the sleep-disturbing strains of a Thomas cat harrowed by the deepest agony of unrequited love, and then go off with the boots, valises, and general chamber furniture projected out of the windows by the enraged boarders.

THE MAKE UP

OF A

Modern Fashionable Beauty.

We premise that a fashionable woman in a state of nature is no more than any other woman, often not a tithe as beautiful as many thousands of other women, although she does look so like Juno and Hebe and Venus, and the rest of the pretty goddesses when she has put on her set-offs, and goes blazing with jewels into society. It is dreadful for a bachelor to think what humbugs these women are. Here is a woman of questionable age, say 37; she is in her morning wrapper, although it is past high noon, and she is going to a great evening party. She looks into the glass, and sees there a yellow, brow-wrinkled, dull eyed face; a mouth full of gums and no teeth; infalling cheeks; thin, doleful hair; neck no more like the Tower of Lebanon than I like Hercules; but thin, scraggy, and not to be named where beauty is. The sight is anything but agreeable; and the cost of remedying it is very expensive; and she wishes she were really the pretty, gay woman she is taken for in the glare of the chandelier. But, as wishes avail nothing, she rings the bell, orders her carriage, and drives to the Turkish baths. Here she is boiled for half an hour in steam, and when done she is douched with cold water until her skin assumes something like the glow and color of health. In an hour—after dressing, and then drinking a cup of coffee and smoking a cigarette, as she lay at full length upon a tempting sofa—she resumes her seat in the carriage and then drives to No. — Broadway, where that handsome chiropodist's store is, who enamels us so beautifully, and in a few minutes she is in the presence of that nice young man, whom she hails of course as an old and intimate friend, who knows her exteriors, even the most sacred of them, like a book. She has come this time, as she informs him, to be done thoroughly. It is such a nuisance, she says, to go through that weary process enamelling twice a week; and so she has made up her mind to have her face and bust done for six months. Then there is a good deal of chaffering about the price. Our handsome chiropodist insists upon his full fee of $300. If the lady had been pretty, why he would have thrown off something for the pleasure it would give him to make her still prettier; but as this particular lady is anything but good-looking, he will not abate a dime of the charge. So my lady agrees, and retires into an elegant parlor, where there are long, large mirrors set into the walls, with an easy-chair opposite the largest of them, and in a position where the light is fullest. As there is no need of any display of modesty in this purely business affair, she unrobes herself to the waist, regardless of the gentleman artist's presence, and gets him to help her, first of all, to weed out of her productive skin the stubble of hair which has shot up since the last weeding time, which done, the superfluous hairs are plucked out by the roots; and then she clips the soft hair around the temples and forehead, to give the latter an arched appearance, and not being quite satisfied with her handiwork, she gets her gentleman, whose hands drop with perfumes, to shave over the parts where she has been with her scissors.

All being now ready, the serious business begins. The artist applies a very powerful magnifying glass to all the beauties of her face, neck, arms, shoulders, and alack! alack! her bust also, down to her waist! If he finds any hair there or gossamer fun, he exorcises it with washes, soaps, liniments or tweezers. Strange to say, the artist's hand very rarely trembles over his work—he is not afflicted by any shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart or shivering of the nerves; and it seems to us that he must be a particularly enamelled man himself, with a cuticle as thick as rhinoceros' hide, or that he is a wax man and has no flesh and blood in his composition. All being now ready, he begins to overlay the skin that nature gave to her with a skin of his own composing. He applies the enamel to her yellow face and then to her bust. The enamel consists chiefly of white lead or arsenic, made into a semi-liquid paste. It requires a good deal of skill to lay it on so that it shall be smooth and not wrinkled; and two or three hours, and sometimes much more are consumed in making a good job of it. In this instance the lady was very exacting, for she had to pay $300 for the artist's work, and it was a long time before she was completely satisfied. But presently she rose from her making-place in all the glory of her regenerated body, and looking into the glass, she beheld a vision of such surpassing loveliness, compared with the old body underneath the arsenic cuticle, that she fell upon the artist's neck and kissed him in the exuberance of her gratitude. There yet remained, however, the finishing touches and adjuncts of head-gear and cheek-gear! So down she sat again, and he, with his pigment of India ink and pencil of camel hair, painted her eyebrows divinely. Then her cheeks were inlaid with "plumpers," which she brought with her, and which cost her $25. These are made into pads, and composed of a hard substance, which combines various chemical materials. After the cheek were thus made to look like a girl's cheek they were caramined with a vegetable liquid rouge, laid on with a hare's foot. The final of the make-up, so far as the nakedness i concerned, is the adjustment of the teeth which, when properly set, give the mouth lustre as of opals, and which a pair of cherry ripe red lips would increase vastly by th contrast they would present to the eye. My lady now dresses herself, and with a chuckle of deep satisfaction, as she thinks of the conquests she will make in the evening in the glare of the lamps and wax candles and gas. But her make-up is not yet half complete. She has a bust as white as alabaster, with shoulders and arms to match, and warranted to "stand" firm for six months—if she does not die before of checked perspiration and an unclean skin—for all that time she must be debarred from washing herself, and from the bath, which last, to most women, is so luxuriant a pleasure. What, however, is the good of a white bust if there be no lilies and rosebuds grown upon its flat exterior? She is well aware of this, and tells the artist what she wants, who immediately fixes her up with a pair of "patent beavers," which are rubber bags, of a beautiful lemon shape, blown out with wind as an air cushion is, and in this state they are secured upon the natural plane of the sacred locality—and the woman is complete so far. These shams cost from five to ten and fifteen dollars each, and are a Bowery manufacture, where these very curious things are made. But the lady before us has ugly arms also—and these arms are made plump and round by padding of wool and cotton, which is the work, however, of the dressmaker. She wore, when dressed, a corset of steel, padded about the waist and hips, and our artist, before his work was quite concluded, had to deal with the lady's extremities and give her a pair of false calves. The make-up was continued by a piece of artistry which occupied nearly an hour to finish. This consisted in painting the hands white and the veins blue, and then powdering them. The nails were also trimmed and colored, and then came the adornments of the chignon and the long curls.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ The report of the massacre of one hundred and twenty Indian men, women and children, by white men near Camp Grant, in Arizona, is confirmed, and proves to be more horrible than was at first reported. It appears that the Indians (Apaches) were friendly, and thought they were under the protection of the fort. The troops came up too late to prevent the massacre.

☞ Dogs beat dentists. They insert natural teeth.

☞ A youth of Washington carries a lot of live snakes in his pockets and isn't a bit afraid of pickpockets either.

☞ A disgusted critic, writing upon the names and subjects chosen for some of the would-be-popular sentimental songs, suggests "Make over my Trousers for Little Bubby," as a good name for a song and chorus.

☞ Tell not your secrets to your servant, for he will then be your master.

☞ "Do write and fear not," is what the girls say to their correspondents.

☞ ANTIDOTE FOR POISONOUS STINGS.—A correspondent of the Hartford Courant writes: "The venerated Rev. Charles A. Goodrich informed me that, many years ago, while standing in the yard a few steps from his house, he was stung by a bee, or yellow wasp, on the side of his neck. The effect was terrible. In a moment he believed he was dying, but was able to reach the house and ask for ammonia. A teaspoonful was given him, and he remarked, with much feeling, 'With God's blessing, it saved my life.' Almost immediately he was covered with apparent 'bee stings,' the effect of the hartshorn in sending out the poison."

☞ The little child of Madame Rattazzi, *nee* Princess Maria Bonaparte, is to be simply called Roma Isabella Alexandria Italia Maria Letizia Alice—no middle name or initial.

☞ A recent breach of promise suit led to the production of seven hundred and sixty-three love-letters by the lady.

☞ He took her fancy when he came; he took her hand, he took a kiss; he took no notice of the shame that glowed her happy cheek at this. He took to coming afternoons; he took an oath he'd ne'er deceive, he took her father's silver spoons, and after that he took his leave.

☞ An Illinois paper calls itself the *Artery*, in hope of pushing its circulation.

☞ "Boys will be boys" is nonsense. Boys will be men—if they live long enough.

☞ "This is a sweeping catastrophe," as the man said when his wife knocked him down with a broom.

☞ A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had an ear for music. "Wa'al," said the old woman, "I really don't know; won't you take the candle and see?"

☞ Mutual friends—Kerosene and coroners.

☞ A husband and wife in Hollis, N. H., after a separation of thirty years, are now living together again.

☞ Is it proper to say of an artist just verging on delirium tremens, that he is putting the finishing touches to a colossal bust?

☞ Gotham is soothed by the pleasant chirp of the mosquito.

☞ The "National Game" becomes familiar to the youth of America at an early age. There is always a bawl in the nursery when the nurse brings the pitcher and bas(e)in.

☞ Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common suffering is a far stronger link than common joy.

☞ A man in Ashland, Pa., (says Bowel's Reposter) recently ordered a "fine gold watch" from one of the swindling agencies in New York. Paying ten dollars express charges, he received, well boxed, a beautiful "glass marble" block, with a note attached, reading thus:

"DEAR SIR—The mystery in regard to this is to find the key-hole by which to wind it up. Numerous persons have been searching for it during the past year and have failed in finding it, but we hope that you will be successful.

"Respectfully, WILLIAMS, & Co.

"P. S.—All fools will learn by experience."

☞ An object of interest—Your deposit in a savings bank.

☞ Diet for training base-ball players—Batter pudding.

☞ The style of observing frequent an- [illegible] of weddings as a sort of "gift [illegible] had a substitute put in his place. After a time another draft was made, and the same man was called again, but he said: "I am free. I sent a substitute into the army and he was killed, so I am as a dead man." The case was carried to the courts of France, and it was there decided that the man was free.

☞ A Wisconsin postmaster has written to Washington for "som eternal revenu stamps," saying he has "severl cols for them."

☞ MISFORTUNE.—To wipe all tears from off all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is often within the most limited power. Yet the opportunities which every day affords of relieving the most wretched of human beings are overlooked and neglected with equal disregard of policy and goodness.

☞ Chinamen in Sacramento are selling their long queues for three dollars apiece. Sacred as is this appendage, money is valued more by them. The tails are to be made into chignons, or something of the kind, in which form they will be better appreciated by Americans.

Convulsions in Children.

The vital statistics for Scotland in 1868, just published, show that out of 115,514 children born during the year, only 812 fell victims to convulsions. In England, on the other hand, 23,198 out of 756,858 infants under one year died of convulsions. So fearful a contrast as this must be traced to pernicious customs among the people, and is attributed to the fact that the English are in the habit of stuffing their infants with spoon food almost from birth, while in Scotland, as a rule, nothing is given but mother's milk until the teeth are out. The solution is founded in good sense, and the moral is very manifest.

A CHINESE THEORY OF SUDDEN DEATH.—A telegraph line about fifteen miles long having been constructed near Shanghae, the natives supposed that the messages were carried along the wires by devils in the employ of the foreign barbarians. To this they made no objection, until a Chinaman chanced to die suddenly in a house near which stood one of the telegraph poles. It then occurred to another native genius (an amateur coroner) that one of the devils had come down from the wire and killed the unfortunate man; whereupon he and his compatriots proceeded to destroy the dangerous apparatus.

LEISURE.—It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the mad-house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental; and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latent hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

☞ Good little boys—Corks.

☞ Several cases of nervous headache have been reported as being produced by wearing ear-rings composed of poisonous metals.

☞ Four things are grievously empty: A head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

☞ A Grand Lodge, Mich., editor writes a four-line puff for a pair of cotton socks.

☞ "Letter-go!" as the boy said when he lamp-posted his letter at the street-corner.

☞ Elmira rats don't know much. They steal shoe pegs and stow them away for oats.

☞ Here is the last of a shoemaker, beyond which let no cobbler go. A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her, "Is that your only objection to them, madam?" "It is," the lady replied. "Well, then, madam, if you take them I can assure you you will find that objection gradually wear away."

☞ Miss Jones, an Illinois schoolma'am, had to thrash her uncle, an unruly youth, in school the other day.

☞ Josh Billings would make a successful agent for one of our life insurance companies. He has ideas on the subject—one of which he presents boldly:—"A large life policeee don't eggactly make a horse smile on his widder, but it helps amazingly to git another feller to do it for him."

☞ The completion and sum of repentance is a change of life.

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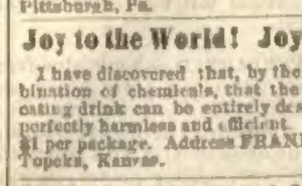

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Romantic Young Man.

There is a story told of a young man in Baltimore who got into trouble through his persistent folly in reading newspapers! It seems that he saw an account of how lovers in Seville, when they are forbidden to visit their hearts' delight, stand under the young ladies' windows at night, and converse with them through a hollow tin tube made in sections, so that it can be shut together like a spy-glass and used as a cane. This youth in Baltimore loved a damsel whose father regarded his love's young dream as an inferior kind of nightmare which had to be shaken off at all hazards. So he refused to permit the dreamer to come to his house. Well, this infatuated one went right down to a tinner and procured about forty feet of tubing, which closed up into the smallest possible space. Then he used to go around in the evenings, unreef his speaking trumpet, and run it up to the second story back window, where his angel was, and roost out on the fence, whispering all kinds of sweet things along that forty feet of pipe. This was all very nice as far as it went. But one evening the eagle-eyed old man came to the room door with a pitcher full of hot water in his hand and sent his daughter off suddenly on an errand. Then the despicable old scoundrel called down the pipe in a falsetto voice until the youth placed his ear against it, and then——! There was only a quart of hot water, but it was sufficient to make one side of the young lover's face resemble an underdone tenderloin steak. When his friends ask him what is the matter, he says he has been sunburned; but he is convinced that Spanish customs—taking them as a whole—are abominable! He thinks however that forcible application to the old gentleman of the method of walking popularly supposed to be in common use among the Spanish people, will be healthful and invigorating if the said lover ever comes in contact with the said hardened old sinner.

One of Sheridan's Jokes.

Sheridan, the great wit and orator, was fond of practical jokes, one of which he played off upon the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan was in the habit of frequenting Dolly's chop-house, where he generally called for devilled shin-bone of beef. One day, coming in rather later than usual, he was told that the only shin-bone in the larder was being cooked for his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan, who knew the duke's person, though not acquainted with him, took a seat within ear-shot of him, and began a conversation with a friend in a loud tone of voice. "I always imagined," said he, "that Dolly's chop-house was one of the neatest establishments in London, but I made a discovery this morning which has convinced me that I was mistaken."

The duke listened very attentively. "As I was passing the kitchen window," continued Sheridan, "I observed a turn-spit boy greedily gnawing a shin-bone of beef. Presently one of the cooks ran up to him, and, giving him a blow on the neck, compelled him to drop his prize. 'You dirty little rascal,' said the cook, 'couldn't you find nothing else to eat? Here I've got to cook this bone for the Duke of Devonshire.'" Soon after the conclusion of this tale, a waiter entered the room, and advanced to his grace with a covered dish. "Your bone, sir!" "Take it away," roared the duke, with great disgust; "I can't touch a morsel of it." "Stay, waiter," said Sheridan, humbly; "bring it to me. If his grace can't eat it I can. Fetch me a bottle of claret—I don't wish a better luncheon."

Finding a Verdict.

At a recent session of one of the courts of South Carolina an entire negro jury was impanelled. A case was brought before them the witnesses examined, and the attorneys made their respective arguments. The judge, after laying down the law, and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hands of the foreman, a rather intelligent-looking darkey, with instructions, as soon as they found a verdict, to bring it in without fail. Thirty minutes or more elapsed, when the jury returned, headed by the foreman, and stood before the judge. As the foreman appeared to hesitate, the judge inquired.

"Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?"

"No, massa judge, we habn't found 'em, no how," replied the ebony juryman.

"It's a very plain case," said the judge.

"Can't help it, massa; couldn't see it," replied ebony again.

"On what grounds?" inquired the judge.

"We don't look in de groun's, massa judge," replied the foreman: "de sheriff did not take us out into de groun's, but he took us into a room and locked us in, and told us when we found de verdic' he would leabe us out; so we began to find de verdic' and search every nook, corner and crevis, and ebery ting dat was in dat room, but we found no verdic'—no, nuffin ob de kind dar."

GREELEY ON MAPLE SUGAR.—A great many ridiculously funny things have been published concerning Greeley's views on agricultural affairs, of which the following is a sample:—Mr. Greeley says the reason there is a scarcity of maple sugar this spring is, that the farmers didn't more than half manure their sugar roods when they planted them last fall. He says for every seed you plant you want a whole pile of manure, when the vines will be fairly weighed down with little scolloped cakes. Farmers never will learn anything if they keep on fooling away their time as they have the past year.

GOOD GUANO.—They use guano down in Alabama to coax the crops along, and a man who sells the best guano gets the most trade. There is one kind that is awful soon. A farmer put a sample of it in his pocket and started for home. There was a carpet-tack in his coat pocket when he put the guano in there, and when he got home there was a bar of railroad iron sticking out of his pocket, which almost weighed his horse down. He said he thought he felt something heavy in the last half of the journey. If some papers should tell this story no one would believe it.

GREATLY PERPLEXED.—A minister from a rural district, who had never heard any quartettes, being invited to preach in a New York church, was greatly perplexed with the prelude and the artistic style with which the hymn was rendered. After prayer, he gave out the second hymn, saying: "The audience will now join with me in singing an old Methodist hymn, and those persons running that bag of wind in the gallery will please not interrupt."

THE PETS, THE PUSS, AND THE PITCHED BATTLE.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

1. Neighborly sympathy. The murdered pets. 2. They swear vengeance! 3. The ambuscade. 4. The assassin approaches. 5. More haste less speed. The thief escapes. 6. Mutual recriminations with a bludgeon and broom accompaniment.

"DOWN EAST" VERSUS "Out West."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Why will so many Eastern people persist in being as green as their Green Mountains? Why don't they come out West and learn a little worldly wisdom? They needn't stay, of course, though it would doubtless benefit them if they should, but a trip through the Western states would do them a "world of good." They would learn more in four months than they will in fourteen years if they remain at home.

It is really surprising, Mr. Editor, how ignorant some of the good souls are. Not too "ignoramuses" either, but the intelligent, educated class who consider themselves the pillars of the nation.

I have a lady friend who visited Vermont last year. She has told me some of her experience, and it is similar to that of several other people I know who have been "Down East," so it is not a solitary case. Her old friends met her with exclamations of delight, surprised that she had escaped from the land of savages alive, (it *was* a miracle that she got over that Erie Railroad without leaving her arm or her head by the way), astonished that she was looking so healthy and well.

"Pretty rough country where you've been, I suppose," was the beginning of a conversation between herself and an eminent M. D.

"Oh, no! Wisconsin is a very pleasant State to live in."

"Well, yes, scenery is sort of wild and romantic, and the air is bracing and fresh, but it is so dreadfully inconvenient, living in such a place."

"Why, inconvenient?"

"Well, you have to kind of pick your living, and don't fare very well, you know."

"But I *don't* know," the lady persisted.

"I never had better food or more of it in my life than while I was out West."

M. D. looked incredulous.

"But it is so inconvenient for the people out there. Why going twenty miles to mill would naturally make folks saving of flour."

"But they don't go twenty miles to mill. Things are just as convenient in Wisconsin as they are in Vermont, and a housekeeper uses more white flour in one week there, than she would here in a month."

The M. D. elevated his eyebrows.

"I was out there twenty years ago," he said, and I *know* what I am talking about. You needn't try to deceive me, for I know what sort of a place it is."

The old stupid, just as though twenty years would not change things. He expected the State had stood still, just as his intellect had. She told me of many more people who talked in the same absurd strain, and whom it was useless to reason with.

"Dreadful place to bring up children," they would say: "no school-houses, no churches." And nearly every Eastern paper I glance at, contains some absurd item or anecdote about the Out-Westerns. And a foreigner, to read only these, would suppose us a set of off-shoots from the family of civilized human beings, only one degree removed from the savages.

Oh ye poor, ignorant Down Easters! come out West and obtain knowledge! Come and see our cities, our school-houses, our churches! Come and see our young men and young women! Come and sit down to one of our tables, and find out whether we live on pigeon grass and wild herbs, or not! Why it would put a Vermont housekeeper into hysterics to see the way we use *wheat flour;* that precious stuff which she keeps sacred for the minister and deacon.

Well, no wonder. There *is* a difference in raising wheat on a two-acre lot or on an eighty-acre farm; and it is natural that we should be more lavish in the use of flour.

If I were an A. T. Stewart, I would send a million or so of dollars East, to pay the expenses West of a few of those good souls like the before mentioned M. D. It would be a philanthropic act. It would do a great deal of good. It would cause them to rise up and call me blessed, for removing the scales from their eyes.

But you dear old fogies, come at any sacrifice. Sell all you have, if need be, and come, for it will pay you.

Shut in between your hills and mountains, what can be expected but that your minds will become narrow! Come out west and give them a chance to expand here on our broad, beautiful prairies. I hope no one will accuse me of being prejudiced against New England. New England is a very nice place indeed, and I love it! My ancestors all came from New England. A great many "smart" people come from New England! I think it is an excellent place to be born, and also an excellent place to come away from, after you begin to grow. It is because I *do* love New England and its inhabitants that I wish to promote their happiness by inducing them to come out west! Yes, come, and by all means come to *Wisconsin*, the land of poets and artists, and brilliant people of every description, and let us pull the scales from your eyes and make you to see. You will return to your New England homes wiser and happier.

Why Women are not Magnanimous.

What women in civilized countries mostly want is magnanimity. Men of high minds are constantly disappointed when they find this lack of the magnanimous revealing itself in the character of some women who otherwise seem so admirable. But men themselves have hitherto, in Europe especially, so shaped and limited the moral training of women as to render magnanimity a virtue of almost impossible attainment. The errors of women are in their degree almost always the common errors of servitude But there is something more than that. The whole training of womanhood is devoted to the culture merely of one virtue. It is not indispensable or even necessary to a woman's honor and repute that she should be truthful, or generous, or beneficent, or brave. She has no need or inducement to cultivate the magnanimous qualities. Society only asks her to be chaste. If you will cultivate but one flower, you cannot have a *parterre*. In days not far removed from our own, a man was only called on to be brave and truthful—he might be as ferocious and voluptuous as he chose; therefore, his common vices were ferocity and profligacy. Women are commonly trained even now to believe that so long as they are "virtuous," it is not requisite that they shall be sincere and magnanimous; therefore, their common defects are insincerity and meanness.—*McCarthy's Lady Judith.*

Wifely Privileges.

It is a glorious destiny to a right-minded woman to be the wife of a really great man. To soothe him in grief, and comfort him in sorrow; to bide the petty cares of life from him; to rejoice in his happiness, and exult in his successes; to share his secret thoughts and hopes; to listen to his schemes, and discuss his projects, and by loving care and thoughtfulness smooth out those little peculiarities and eccentricities which so frequently cling to genius, as creases rest on the finest fabric. To know that the moments he does not give the world he gives to her; to know above all, that she influences the life of the man who really loves her—and genius and greatness are not niggardly in their affection—for what better lot can one hope? Or even to be loved truly, and purely, and unselfishly—though that be the ending, though she never hears the word "wife" from his lips—it is sufficient to compensate for a whole world of sorrow, a whole life of care. To go down from generation to generation, as Beatrice's name has gone down—the loved of Dante! Or even to be remembered from the last generation, as we remember Southey's young bride, watching her husband from the shore through her bleeding tears, with her wedding-ring tied round her neck! To what happier destiny can she aspire? The history of such women must have interest for the coldest, the gravest, and most matter-of-fact of all.

Unlucky Days for Matrimony.

We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in the Book of Days) that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to go into join-hand—namely, seven in January; three each in February, March, May and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September and November; and one in October; so that January is the worst and October the best month for committing matrimony: the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 18th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

Monday for wealth;
Tuesday for health;
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses;
Friday for losses;
Saturday no luck at all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We frequently receive letters from parties desiring literary employment on the Post, yet so miserably composed, and so badly spelt and punctuated, that we shudder at the bare thought of reading their compositions. It is unpleasant to us to be obliged to refuse these requests, but literary aspirants must bear in mind that we owe something to readers as well as to writers, and that our large circle of subscribers would little thank us for publishing crude matter through fear of hurting the feelings of authors. No person not sufficiently educated to spell simple words correctly, and unacquainted with the first principles of composition, should dream of authorship, as it is impossible for an uneducated person to compete with the numerous cultivated writers whose pens amply supply the public with reading matter.

EMMA (Cincinnati) writes: "What course would you advise me to take in the following circumstances. A gentleman friend of mine of several years' standing has been, for two years past, paying me special attention. He has been jealous of the visits of other friends, and has given me every reason to understand his attentions in but one way. Yet, as his courtship seemed likely to be endless, and to come no nearer to an engagement, I took the advice of friends, and plainly asked him what were his intentions. He coolly replied that he had no intentions, and suddenly discontinued his visits. He is now going round among mutual friends and giving an utterly distorted and false version of the case, which places me in a most unfavorable light. Was I wrong in demanding an understanding? And, if right, what shall I do to stop his calumnies? Would you advise legal measures?" Your mistake was in asking his intentions. You should, by a manifestation of coldness, have forced him either to ask an explanation, or to discontinue his visits. If he did the former, he could not avoid declaring himself either as simply a friend or a lover. If he did the latter, you would be rid of one who had no serious intentions. Now you have placed yourself in a false position, and have no other course open than to silence him through the agency of some male friend, or, if he goes too far, by the menace of appealing to the law. Of course he is no gentleman—and you are well rid of him, even at the cost of a little annoyance. But by speaking first, you laid yourself open needlessly to the charge of trying to force yourself upon him.

JENNIE B. (Philadelphia) writes: "Will you favor a constant reader with a bit of advice—for which she will feel duly grateful! Is it proper to visit the park on Sunday? For a lady, I mean? I have no other spare day for park scenery, as I belong to that unlucky lower ten thousand whose work-time is otherwise occupied. I am told, that for a lady to visit the park on Sunday is to risk her position in society, as only the commonest people go there, &c. Is this so? I would risk considerable for a breath of country air and a glimpse of green leaves—but social position! And I a woman! No, it is too much. Still, I can't quite believe this story, and am afraid to go and judge for myself." Nor can we quite believe it. Hundreds of well-dressed and well-behaved women may be seen in the park on any Sunday, whose deportment certainly speaks well for their respectability. Were many of this large concourse disreputable characters, there would be many instances of disreputable behavior—but there are none reported. All you need do to escape hostile criticism, is to make your visits attended by a gentleman whose own character will be sufficient warrant for your respectability. But we can see no serious objection to your going there unattended. It would be unfortunate indeed were our park to gain the fatal reputation of a lack of respectability—and the best way to prevent this will be by the visits of respectable persons.

L. O. D. (Lancaster) writes: "A young lady with whom I am in love, and who is at present in New York, has ceased to correspond with me; and though I have demanded an explanation, she declines to give it. She has given me assurance that my love is returned, which makes her silence very mysterious to me. I wish you would tell me what I had better do." People do not act thus without a cause, though possibly it may not be a sufficient one. Look into your own conduct, and see if you can find the cause there. If so, make an honest acknowledgement. Some friend may have whispered calumny in her ear. Or again, she may have proved a false fair. Your proper course will be to obtain a personal interview and learn what is wrong. If she refuses an explanation, you may safely turn upon the current of your love—she will have proved herself not worth loving.

ANXIOUS, (Ohio,) writes, "I have been long a reader of your valuable paper, and am pleased with your new plan of correspondence column. I am anxious to know something about those palaces which have been destroyed by the rebels in Paris. Are they very old or very famous for any other reason, that people take their loss so much to heart?" They are famous both for their beauty and for the many historical associations connected with them. The only one remarkable for age is the Louvre, whose origin dates 1500 years. At that period its site was occupied by a royal hunting lodge, and was surrounded by an extensive forest. Its name comes from the French word for wolves, with which animals the forest was infested. It has lately been surrounded by wolves of a different species, infesting that forest of houses called Paris. These palaces can, of course, be replaced by others, their equals in beauty, but their many interesting associations can never be built into the walls of a new edifice. The celebrated galleries of the Louvre are reported safe; a fortunate circumstance, as they contained treasures of art whose loss could never be made good.

☞ Iowa girls get their beaux to go shopping with them for shoes. They buy No. 3's, and next day exchange them for No. 5's.

☞ "Are dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey ob got plenty of fire, and de bells are now ringing for water."

AGRICULTURAL.

English Fox Hounds.

By the system of breeding so assiduously pursued in the case of these animals, the British hound has acquired, in an eminent degree, the conformation which suits him for the kind of chase to which he is appropriated, and become the most beautiful and swift of this class of dogs.

The modern English fox hound is really one of the most wonderful animals in creation, owing, probably, to the great care which has been given to his breeding for the last three centuries. Some fox hound establishments have cost their owners £8,000 to £10,000 per year; and the money and talent which has been expended for this purpose have resulted in wonderful success. The fox hound, like all other dogs, must be selected for the country he is to range in. The middle size is the most approved, for the reason that, like all other animals, they are found to be stronger and better able to endure fatigue. Hight and color are a matter of taste. A good dog cannot be of a bad color—that is to say, we do not think color has much to do with the specific character of the animal; but in shape all must agree. We should not prefer a large hound to one of medium size, since in a thick woven country, or in a thorny brake, a small dog is better than a large one. When bred up in the kennel, and used solely as an instrument of the chase, his finer faculties are not developed. But when reared up in companionship with his master, the hound manifests neither indocility nor want of sagacity. He is affectionate, faithful, and delighted with the caresses and favor of his master.

One of the most important is that the pack be all of a size and look of the same family. There are certain points in a hound, as in a horse, which should be always looked after. If not of perfect symmetry, he will not show speed nor get through much work. His legs should be perfectly straight; his feet round and not too large; his shoulders well back; breast rather wide; chest deep; back broad; head small; neck thin; tail carried well.

A small head indicates high breeding and looks more beautiful. We do not say large-headed dogs are in anywise inferior. The ears may be rounded by the irons of the huntsman to save them from the tears and scratches which they would inevitably encounter. The prevailing colors of the present day are black and white, with tan. The mixed or blended colors are known as "pies"—red pie, blue pie, yellow pie, gray pie, lemon pie, hare pie, and badger pie. The last two are very handsome. Tan, black, white, red, blue, are more or less mixed with white.—*American Stock Journal.*

M. J. CARTER writes the *Rural New Yorker* that if those who have crib-biting horses will nail a sheep skin, wool side up, wherever there is a chance for the horse to bite, he will not do very much cribbing in the stable. His father has tried it successfully.

IF SCREWS are warmed and dipped in melted tallow it will prevent their rusting, and they can always be unscrewed with ease. A large quantity of screws can be greased in a few minutes, and the operation is one which will ultimately result in a great saving of time and labor.

TO PREVENT horses kicking in the stall, take a piece of trace-chain, about two feet long, and fasten one end of it, with a strong strap, to the foot with which they kick. Or put a surcingle loosely around the animal, and pass a cord from the kicking foot through the girth, around the head in front of one ear and behind the other. Make the knots so that they will not slip tight and give length for necessary motions.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

A stranger comes from foreign shores,
Perchance to seek relief;
Curtail him, and you find his tale
Unworthy of belief;
Curtailed again, you recognise
An old Egyptian chief.

Word Square.

Small, pointed pieces of wood.
To publish.
To bestow.
A mode of cooking.

Problem.

A fisherman began a cast-net with thirty-six (36) meshes. He enlarged it by adding twelve (12) meshes more to the third (3d) row; the same to the sixth (6th), ninth (9th), and so on to each and every successive third (3d) row, termed "widen-rows." The last row, *being a widen-row*, contained three hundred and sixty (360) meshes. Required—the entire number comprised within the net?

☞ An answer is requested.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a very pretty fashionable girl like a thrifty housekeeper? Ans.—Because she makes a great bustle about a small waist.

☞ Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a parochial meeting? Ans.—Because there is a gathering there, and always more bustle than necessary.

☞ What game does a lady's bustle resemble? Ans.—Back-gammon.

☞ Why does a girl lace herself so tight to go out to dinner? Ans.—Because she hears much stress laid upon "Grace before meat."

[We hope, however, no one ever speaks of young ladies being "tight" at dinner.]

☞ Why are women's corsets the greatest speculators in the bills of mortality? Ans.—Because they contract—to kill.

☞ Why are spectacles like hay and corn? Ans.—Because they are for-age.

☞ What is the oldest tree in America? Ans.—The elder-tree.

☞ 'Tis neither fish, flesh, nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb? Ans.—A glove.

☞ What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause? Ans.—A pair of snuffers.

☞ When going to bed, why is your slipper like an unsuccessful dun? Ans.—It is put off until the next day.

Answers to Last.

WORD SQUARE—
W A S P
A N N A
S N O W
P A W S.

CHARADE—Nut-meg.